The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS
Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*
JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

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Week by Week

THE PROBLEM of a fully rounded policy for peace, reaching from the surface of contemporary events into the depths of the historical process, is probably the same thing as the whole social-political problem in general. Every citizen is obligated to approach the problem, but no magazine such as this one can lay down the law, except in the most general—and most particular—terms. The three articles which consider international policy in this issue show the disparity possible in practical programs supposed to attain the same end—peace. The uncertainty and shifting in our government policy and in public opinion show the same thing much more clearly. Secretary Hull's program of increasing foreign trade by reciprocal tariff treaties is widely accepted as one constant in the present administration's foreign policy, and as unquestionably a peaceful one. The peaceableness of this policy, however, is definitely open to question, and, linked with the present navy policy, is in fact threatening. A push toward export trade to help us out internally is at least an effort to rebuild the free world market of pre-War days, which led to intense international competition. Nations in the scramble developed military and naval power to enforce freedom of the seas and the open door and, in many instances, to preempt markets through what was called imperialism. The Hull formula for rebuilding exports, when coupled with the practise of letting the navy see the exports safely to their destination, is a war policy. Exporters should be responsible for the delivery of their own goods. And Americans should not export arms in any case.

Good (and Bad) Neighbors

THERE are different kinds of international cooperation: not only cooperation with different kinds of foreign powers, but cooperation for different ends and by different means. It seems almost impossible that Americans could seriously want to set our government up as the world's moral judge, to label whole peoples as good or wicked and throw our military force with the "good" to destroy the "wicked." If for no other reasons (and there are dozens of them), four simple and old considerations should keep us from such pride and folly. You cannot change the hearts of people by conquest. It is incorrect to identify a nation with its government. In the course of war the "wicked" nations and the "good" would change their characters, whatever they were before. The "wicked" nations might win. America should not exert itself collectively on the basis of its taste in governments; that leads not to collective security, but to armed alliances. The object should be to build up the field of cooperation into which all the powers would enter. There are an immense number of international movements that deserve backing and widening. Means of arbitration and impartial judgment, *ad hoc* united action, should be supported by the country on a world basis. It is a sinister thing to block artistic, intellectual and sporting recognition of individuals and individual achievement. We should not join in doing that, even when it is a question of a German prize-fighter, who at home supports his government, which we consider despicable. In a particular case it obviously leads to a mean kind of worminess, and in general, it corrupts opinion and morals, holds up the spread of culture to us and to those we oppose, and creates a war psychology. The one certain way to work for international peace is to strive for internal order and prosperity and justice. Concentration upon these efforts cuts down the opportunity for demagogy, presents an example to the world and inevitably spreads its benefits of prosperity and good temper to our neighbors, good or "wicked."

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IF FAVORABLE weather conditions hold for another month and the blight of black-stem rust does not set in, the fields of Kansas and Nebraska and other wheat-producing states promise to yield the largest crop since 1931. This threat to the wheat business is heightened by prospects of good moisture conditions in the Canadian Northwest for the first time in recent years. A 400,000,000-bushel surplus, half of it a carry-over from last year, is conditionally predicted. It is the largest on record. Nature has not been so bountiful in the European and North African wheat fields this year and there is abnormal buying of basic food supplies for war reserves, but it is difficult to see how foreign nations whose goods are excluded by our high tariff walls can develop enough purchasing power to deplete this surplus materially. In consequence, prices will continue to fall and American farmers will be seeking loans in return for keeping some of their crops off the market as early as June 15. By July 15 the Department of Agriculture may ask them to cut their 1939 wheat acreage from 80,000,000 to 50,000,000 acres, the smallest figure since the war.

Bumps for Wheat and Corn

CORN growers are alarmed at the possibility that part of the wheat surplus may be fed to livestock, thereby cutting down the domestic corn market. Dissatisfied farmers in Warren County, Illinois, formed a Corn Belt Liberty League about a month ago and claim to have received interested inquiries from fellow agriculturists in forty states. Just now they are preparing for the vote scheduled in August in case of a bumper corn crop; they want their members to vote as a unit against the AAA allotment program. The paradox of bad times for the farmer when crops are good will continue as long as one-crop, big-business farming is the dominant characteristic of American agriculture as well as the theory advocated in our principal agricultural schools. As long as this system continues, whatever hope of security there is for the farmer and his family must lie in an economics of scarcity with production too exclusively directed toward export somewhat similar to that now fostered by our industrious Department of Agriculture.

THERE appears to be a very definite publicity drive to create the impression that both in Congress and throughout the country opinion about labor laws is at present shifting and uncertain. Too much is being taken for granted. The action of the House Rules Committee in holding up the proposed wages and hours bill clearly overrode congressional sentiment, which was expressed May 6, when a majority of the representatives signed a discharge petition in less than two hours, which will bring the matter to a floor debate in spite of the committee. The United States Chamber of Commerce clearly pushed reaction too far when it passed a resolution claiming that, the NLRB being unfair and partial in its hearings, the whole Labor Relations Act should be drastically modified or, better still, repealed. A few days later the Institute of Public Opinion found that 59 percent of the citizenry was thinking so much in the other direction that they want Congress to pass a further bill regulating wages and hours before ending this session. It is doubtful in the extreme that the recession is turning people to conservatism, and policy makers who go wishfully on that assumption are storing up trouble. Labor and their sympathizers will not go quietly and in disillusion back to the good old days, and it would be healthier if stand-patters didn't try to push them there. Disappointment over New Deal labor laws will lead rather to new demands and now necessitates an expansion of labor philosophy and more intense effort to find means to increase the cooperation of all persons in industry and their joint responsibility for attainment of the common good.

Not "New" Enough

IN THE light of the lamentably few means developed to implement Christian social teaching in this country, wider recognition should be accorded to the work of the Association of Catholic Trades Unionists, an offspring of the dynamic Catholic Worker Movement. During the past year they have been sponsoring at Fortham University, at Crown Heights, Brooklyn, and elsewhere a series of schools for workers to instruct them in labor union technique and Christian social principles. Their latest move is the publication of the *Labor Leader,* a lively weekly designed to report American labor news from a "positive, constructive," Christian, trade-union standpoint. The first two issues comment on a number of strikes, tell of union organization difficulties, summarize the National Catholic Social Action Conference, and among other things urge editorially that "workers should share as partners in the ownership, management or profits of the businesses in which they work." The *Labor Leader* also has a tremendous opportunity because its outlook is free from partizanship. Its interest in the worker as a human being and the labor movement as such encompasses the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. as well as the smaller groups which are contending for control of various important locals and larger union groups. The resurgence of unionism in the past few years has created a demand for a new type of union leader. Through its excellent schools and publications the A.C.T.U. bids fair to produce some.

Principles in the Arena

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THE TURN OF THE WORM

IT IS with a strange mixture of admiration and disdain that we greet the opening in New York of the Cloisters. For those who have not heard of this project a word of explanation must be given. Most of our American city museums have in recent years installed "period" settings, which make an attempt to display works of art in relation to the surroundings for which they were created. The old, "pinakotheke" idea of an art gallery, a multiplicity of walls as bare and neutral as possible against which works of art are displayed as though they were butterflies pinned to black velvet in a mahogany case, has largely given way to what pretends to be a more "functional" or "social" or "true" technique for public education. And yet, as must perhaps always be the case when man tries to create life in what is dead, the result somehow serves only to emphasize the feeling of death, the very smell of death which is inseparable from the museum. The Cloisters is undoubtedly the most elaborate attempt in America to make use of this new technique for showing works of art. Here on top of a rocky ledge in Fort Tryon Park has been erected one of the world's strangest structures, a deliberate mixture of every stylistic element of medieval architecture, all designed as a setting for the collection of sculpture, painting and textiles purchased from the late George Gray Barnard and enhanced by gifts from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr., Mr. George Blumenthal and Mr. Stephen C. Clark. One marvels at the loving care lavished upon these silent and scarred and sometimes lovely memorials of the culture of the Middle Ages. Yet here are cloisters without monks, chapels not dedicated to worship, and the living mind is repelled by the all-pervading stiffness of death. Only the cloister gardens, planted with living trees and herbs and flowers, give genuine delight to a visitor who seeks anything more significant than an archeological peep-show.

Cloisters without Monks

TO ONE who must rely on newspaper accounts, it is not immediately clear how much of the idea of health insurance was rejected by the house of delegates of the Medical Society of the State of New York, in the session devoted to the subject at its current convention. The general report on medical care which was adopted (with the exception of one section) endorsed the following principle: that "it is the prerogative and duty of properly qualified non-

Attitudes versus Formulas

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medical persons or agencies to provide the facilities and financial support for competent medical care"—provided that "the purely medical aspects of such care be left strictly in the hands of the medical profession." To the lay eye this looks like a permissive policy, so far as health insurance, in the ordinary understanding of that term, is concerned. But that there are sharp qualifications in the minds of a majority of the delegates themselves is shown from the fate of the excepted section of the report. This section specifically recommended that "the middle-income class . . . seek protection in group insurance for hospital expense, and in medical expense indemnity for medical service." It was evidently the last phrase about which the debate raged; and the outcome is imputed to the belief of most of the delegates that any such plan is a precursor of compulsory health insurance. We cannot help feeling that this is a short-sighted view. It is like saying that vaccination is a precursor of smallpox. Voluntary health insurance would seem to be about the only way left to prevent compulsory health insurance. The matter of medical costs is passing into the stage that provokes legislation. If the profession wishes to avoid such legislation, it is imperative that it adopt a cooperative, favoring, and above all concrete attitude toward that part of the public which also is trying to solve the problem without benefit of legislation.

Life Expectancy at Age 0

RECENTLY a good deal of publicity has been given to a statement by an insurance man that, within a very few years, we could look forward to a life expectancy at birth of seventy years. Long life has always been a hope dear to the human heart; now that fulfilment of this hope for a large section of humanity seems to be within the range of possibility, we are beginning to wonder about its social consequences. If we are all of us to live to be seventy—or thereabouts—how on earth are we to occupy ourselves during the greater span of leisure time which we are bound to enjoy? Certainly there is a paradox in this matter of leisure, basically the same paradox as the phenomenon of production restriction in an age of want, when the only thing that can reduce general poverty would seem to be greater rather than less production. It can certainly be questioned whether anyone below the age of sixty need be idle if all the legitimate wants of all of us are to be satisfied. And then there is the statistical question. In the past thirty years there has been a great increase in life expectancy at age 0 (from 48.23 years for American white males in 1900-1902 to 59.12 years for the same group in 1929-1931), but the increase in maximum expectancy at any age has not increased so radically (from 55.54 at age 2 to 62.04 at age 1). The real extent of the scientific prolongation of life has been exaggerated because of the sharp increase at age 0 (due to concentrated medical work on prenatal and infant care) and at age 80 and over. But expectancy at the prime of life remains substantially unchanged. Those in their forties have little reason to hope for longer life than did their fathers at the same age. Perhaps it is wiser, then, to devote more attention to the paradox of want in a land of plenty than to the question of how we should spend our increased leisure, which is created more by economic maladjustment than by the prolongation of life.

Temple of Religion

IN ANNOUNCING the general design and function of the Temple of Religion to be erected at the New York World's Fair, Mr. Whalen, president of the Fair Corporation, outlines the practical difficulties encountered in the field. These were so numerous and perplexing that the plans as finally adopted may be said to represent an essentially just and sensible compromise. It is easy to understand that they should have elicited the approval of the churchmen appearing in the report. There will of course be widespread disappointment that no religious services are to be held on the grounds; but it should be understood that this represents the decision, not of the directors, but of the religious groups themselves. Equally disappointing will be the absence of religious exhibits, but it is impossible to deny a realistic sympathy to the committees who reached this decision. There is not space enough at the Fair, as Mr. Whalen points out, to give each group a separate building; and an "omnibus" building would have necessitated the drawing of sharp lines, which would inevitably have been felt unjust, or the permitting of "such a heterogeneous collection of exhibits that the whole would lose in dignity and effectiveness." Even so, a good deal of characteristic religious expression will be possible. The Temple and its grounds, pleasing, spacious and of a generally appropriate style, according to the published designs, will be devoted to religious convocations, religious music and religious pageantry and drama: all of them functions permitting typical activities to every religious body.

The Problem of Shelter

IN THE increasingly anxious pursuit of recovery, housing is taking on more and more the character of a magic word. For heavy industry, the key to any substantial upturn within the framework of the current economic system, can expect more solid sustenance from the construction of new homes and apartments, to some extent

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self-liquidating, than from armament expansion or a nation-wide road-building program, desirable as this latter would be if consciously designed to cut down the terrific toll from auto smash-ups.

Through the HOLC the government has saved millions of private homes for their owners and through the FHA has been attempting to encourage private construction through guaranteeing and insuring loans and mortgages up to 80 percent. It is estimated that the FHA, which set up shop four years ago, is concerned in about half the new private construction now in process. Yet, according to *Fortune,* with all this stimulus only 285,000 non-farm homes were constructed in last year's comparatively good times, some 34 percent of the 1925-1930 yearly average. The lowest construction cost, on a monthly rental basis, achieved in recent years by private enterprise is $6.85 per room, a figure that puts such dwellings beyond the reach of the greater part of the nation's families whose present quarters are socially inadequate. These agencies have already expended or loaned $4,296,000,000 to demonstrate that with present material costs and hourly wage rates it is impossible to construct durable self-sustaining low-cost housing with union labor.

Hard-pressed social workers today are looking to housing for assistance in many of their difficulties. Alongside the sensationalism of tragic tenement fires there is the steady attrition from crowding, lack of adequate sanitation, and other material conditions which lead to permanent ill health, delinquency, broken families and the loss of morale. Discrimination against Negroes has intensified their housing and consequent problems in New York and Chicago as well as in rural areas. Ramshackle dwellings must necessarily consume an inordinate amount of fuel, to note just one direct expense of bad housing conditions. And the ultimate cost to society from human deficiencies caused by these conditions is incalculable.

Slums in the United States are not confined to our larger cities but abound in suburban, small town and even rural areas. In the absence of a comprehensive national housing survey estimates of immediate needs vary tremendously. President Roosevelt says we need 600,000 to 800,000 new dwelling units a year for the next five years. According to a WPA survey in 83 cities there are 4,700,000 urban families with more than one person to a room. The American Public Health Service calls for 6,000,000 new American homes; the Brookings Institution 1,125,000 a year for four years; the National Housing Commission 1,503,000 a year for two years. Tops for all these estimates goes to the *Architectural Forum,* which asserts that 5,663,000 dwelling units is the absolute minimum for demolition and that there are 10,000,000 families today (one-third of them on relief) in need of new low-cost homes.

It was to meet this need, whatever its extent, that the United States Housing Authority was set up by law six months ago; its first project is actually starting construction this month at Youngstown, Ohio. Over a hundred local authorities in 38 states have already been set up to take charge of the projects. The first five—at Austin, Texas, Charleston, S. C., Syracuse, N. Y., New Orleans, La., and Youngstown—will rise on areas of which 81 percent formerly were slums and will rent for an average of about $4 a room per month.

The 125,000 new units contemplated in the USHA plans for the next three years will make slight impression on this problem except for their importance as models. Progressive deterioration during that period will increase the number of unfit dwellings by far more than that amount. And in the meantime millions of the public moneys will be poured into the maintenance of uneconomic, unhealthful, unsocial old-law tenements. As the *Architectural Forum* advocates and the extensive public-housing experience of England has shown, relief subsidies to the tenant should ideally be concentrated on projects where "rentals have already been lowered by subsidy to the house." This should be further implemented by rebates on the basis of the needs of larger families. It should also include considerable educative preparation for the tenants.

But the problem of housing should in the last analysis be viewed in its wider context. The plans now afoot should by all means be pushed through to completion and generously expanded without delay. In fact, there is no better field for government expenditure to stimulate recovery. When authorities are casting about for worthy projects on which to expend the contemplated $3,000,000,000 PWA money, they should give first consideration to housing. In consequence of the failure of private enterprise to cope with the nation's housing needs, the problem calls for a serious study of the possibilities of nation-wide housing on a PWA basis. However, an adequate national housing program should be based on a more general social outlook. The authorities should seriously weigh the advisability of merely shifting into new homes those who no longer can find a place in the local industrial economy. Planners should thoroughly investigate the possibilities of settling these people on the land, of establishing local industries and attractive rural communities, of working out a rounded program of decentralization generally. Only then can a humanly satisfactory national program be drawn up. Only then will the unprivileged again look upon the United States as a land of opportunity—a new kind of opportunity, where a man can assure himself of the chance to support his family by useful labor and participate with them in a satisfying community life.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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A Symposium on Peace

Evidence and analysis, in addition to a will for peace and good principles, are necessary in working out any policy for peace. These three exploratory articles, written by authors identified with England, the Atlantic seaboard and the Midwest, vary in the weight they give different evidence and in the analysis they build upon their view of the mobile international scene. They agree in expressing an active will to prevent a new cataclysm, and they furnish productive lines of thought which must be correlated in building order in a turbulent and threatening world.—The Editors.

The Case against War

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

IT MAY seem an otiose folly in these days to state the case against war—to state it, at any rate, in the countries where one is allowed to state it. Yet I feel that the full strength of that case is not even now always wholly appreciated. We are all familiar with the immediate horrors of war, and those horrors are a most powerful reason urging sane men to do all that is possible to save the world from a repetition of them. But, less frequently do we face the equally important question: What would be likely to be the outcome of another European war?

The career of Herr Hitler is surely, by a paradox, the supreme demonstration of the utter futility of war. For what does his career prove save that victory or defeat in modern wars are comparatively an irrelevance and that great nations arise again in their greatness even after defeat—the Germans after 1918 as the French after 1870? Supposing that we fight another war. Either we win it, or it is a draw, or we lose it. It is clearly not worth while fighting, if one loses. A drawn war means that, after fighting, the nations get together and compromise their ambitions. It would clearly be more sensible to compromise them before fighting. Is it worth while winning?

It is commonly argued that our present troubles are largely due to the Treaty of Versailles, and it is somewhat easily assumed that the world has learned its lesson and that the peace that would be imposed upon the reconquered Germany would not be a repetition of Versailles. But is that at all probable? At present, even under the restraints of peace, there is throughout the world, both in countries that are directly menaced by it and in countries that are not, an intensity of hatred for the present German régime to which it is hard in all human history to find any parallel. What will become of that hatred when it is the motive of propaganda not to discourage but to encourage it? Is it to be seriously believed that powers who have won their victory over Germany will be in any mood to impose upon her after peace a moderate victory? Is it not much more probable that people will begin rather to argue: "What was the matter with the Treaty of Versailles was that it was far too moderate. Experience has shown that Germans are not men; they are a nation of 60,000,000 wild beasts. There can be no security until they are annihilated." And horrible plans of mass massacre will be suggested, the execution of which would so bestialize the victors as to make them in their turn even worse than their foes. Drunk with blood, they would then probably rend one another. Is there not a terrible probability that this would happen?

People are often cynical about our twentieth-century civilization, and God knows that there is plenty to be cynical about. But it must not be forgotten that our present troubles are as much the consequence of our civilization as of the lack of it. Many things were said and believed about Germans, particularly in France, during the last war from which the logical conclusion would have been that the only policy with which to treat them was one of mass massacre or mass deportation. Yet the slow victories of humanity had made it simply unthinkable for even those who might argue for such things in theory to resort to them in practise. We were not humane enough to treat Germans justly, but we were too humane to massacre them (though incidentally not too humane to continue to blockade them even after the armistice). Can humaneness at all survive another war? For myself, I dearly love freedom and have no illusions at all about the price of the loss of it. But, if the choice is between becoming a slave and becoming a beast, I think it better to become a slave.

Besides, we must never for one moment allow a newspaper headline to beguile us from the remembrance that the issue in Europe today is not simple. I hope sincerely that developments will prove that it is an exaggeration to think of the present masters of Germany as men entirely ruthless, that time and justice will discover some humanity in their hearts. Yet is must be frankly admitted that the pessimists have strong reasons for their pessimism. Yet, even so, it must never be forgotten that, if there are wild beasts in Europe, all the wild beasts are not on the one side.

As the powers are lined up in Europe today, it seems that there are only two possible ways in which Germany can be defeated. Either the Rus-

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sians will be brought into Europe to help defeat her. Or the Russians will remain neutral, and the end of the war will see them, unexhausted, able to impose their policies upon an exhausted and disheartened Europe. Are either of these prospects upon which anyone can look with equanimity? It is a matter for speculation whether horror and terror can ever reduce the comparatively kindly people of England and France to an acceptance of mass murder. But the Bolsheviks, with the ruthlessness of their logic, have already accepted that principle and applied it to their subjects. It cannot be suggested that they would have any hesitation in applying it to their enemies.

We English are challenged to say whether we would come to the rescue of the nations of the Danubian valley, but it is not so often asked whether these nations want to be rescued or not. The present writer remembers a conversation that he had with a Hungarian about a year ago. This Hungarian had no love at all for the present German régime and was as strong in condemnation of it as any Nazi refugee. Yet he had memories of Bela Kun, of having his friends stood up against a wall to be shot and of others who suffered worse fates than that of shooting. If he was compelled to make the choice between Germany and Czechs, who were bringing in Russians as their allies, he would, he said, unhesitatingly prefer the Germans—as an enormous evil but as the lesser of two evils. So would the Hungarians choose, and so, I have no doubt, would the Rumanians and the Jugoslavs. Again, supposing—I do not think it probable, but suppose it so—that a European War should arise over the determination of its foreign friends to save the present régime of Barcelona. How could any Catholic in conscience support such a war, whatever the disaster to his country that defeat in it might bring?

It is then by no means easy to make a choice, when on both sides there is gigantic evil, and perhaps it is idle folly to attempt to do so. For we all know with Mr. Chamberlain that "in war there are no winners." If there is to be war today, it perhaps matters little what are the régimes that enter into that war, for it is certain that none of them will emerge from it. A short war of a few weeks may perhaps give the death-blow to some already moribund régime and leave the scheme of society otherwise unchanged. But a new European War would not be such a war. Major and long wars are not won by the contestants but by *tertii gaudentes,* by some new power that, Hegel-wise, is thrown up as a result of the conflict between other powers; and few can doubt that in a new European War both totalitarianism and liberalism would collapse, and the victory would go either to communism or perhaps to some yet newer philosophy of moral anarchy and to some new enemy of the Christian traditions. Few can surely doubt but that the new heresies which the war threw up would be yet more unlovely than those we now have with us.

It must not be forgotten, too, that with so much that is most terrible in the present world, there is one thing that is most hopeful. One of the major causes of the war of 1914 was the conflict of the financiers of the great nations, who lent against one another in the undeveloped countries of the world and sought to push on to foreign markets the goods which owing to insufficiency of purchasing power they were unable to sell on the domestic market. Today, whatever else is alive, international finance is dead. There is no more international lending (except for the loan which Stalin borrowed from the London acceptance houses at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish War, the motive of which was notoriously political), and Mr. Chamberlain, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, differing in so many other things, have been alike in their refusal to allow their policy to be dictated by a desire for obedience to the rules of a financial game. For the first time since Napoleon fell, Europe is not ruled today by the ultimate evil—the love of money. There at least is a tyranny overthrown.

If it be really true, as we are so often told and as evidence sometimes seems to prove to us, that great nations have gone mad, then that is a problem the remedy for which lies not with man but with the Holy Ghost alone. Even madmen are made in the image and likeness of God, and it is God alone Who can touch their hearts. I cannot think that we shall best cooperate with Him by making the all-too-brutal more brutal still. It is clear that the great English contribution to peace must be the sacrifice of the higher standard of living that we enjoy over other European nations. We have already reached a point where, within the nation, a man is beginning to be a little ashamed of himself if he is much richer than his neighbors. But, internationally, the possession of a higher standard of living is still considered a proof of cultural superiority. That barbarism must go. Englishmen are sometimes credited with an obsession about the preservation of the British Empire. I hope, and think, that that is not true. All the great traditions of England were formed in a day when there was as yet no Empire, and imperialism only came in after the fall of the nation before Dutch finance and German kings. The Empire made its appearance comparatively late in English history and it is evident that, in so far at least as it implies the rule of Englishmen over people of other races, its days are already numbered. There are, I think, very few Englishmen who would not most gladly sacrifice it, if by doing so they could assure European peace.

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Do You Want War?

By PAUL KINIERY

JAPAN has now become for us the international villain. We are being put into a fatalistic mood with reference to a possible conflict with her, which we are to consider, of course, as a "preventive" war. Plans are being made to spend approximately $500,000,000 on our army during the next fiscal year, and possibly as much as $1,000,000,000 will be spent on a naval building program. This all means, speaking plainly, that we believe the United States and Japan will have war within the predictable future, and that we must prepare to carry the war to Japan. Apparently, despite the sorry figure that we cut in making the world safe for democracy, and despite the additional fact that we are no longer acting as policeman in the Western Hemisphere, we are now about to emerge as the police force of the Pacific Ocean and Asiatic continent. It is a rather impressive rôle, and one which should not be lightly undertaken.

It is not necessary to mention in detail the after effects of the Great Horror which cursed the world from 1914 to 1918, but we ought to remind ourselves of the general results. After all, the tragedy did deprive us of about 125,000 young men, and the monetary cost will perhaps eventually exceed $100,000,000,000. The other powers contributed 10,000,000 soldier dead, to say nothing of the other costs, human and financial. Moreover, the fruit of the war was typical of the plant. From that rank growth there emerged not only the Treaty of Versailles, but also the double-headed curse of state totalitarianism, the equals in evil, Communism and Fascism.

The war ended, then, with a treaty that was unworkable for many reasons. We may be sure that after the next great conflict, the nations that lose will disappear from the map, and their lands will be divided as the spoils of war among the victorious powers. Our mild-mannered Secretary of War in 1917, Mr. Baker, is said to have remarked, with truth and logic, "The objective in war is to kill as many of the enemy as quickly as possible, and as cheaply as possible." That same spirit will perhaps operate in future after the actual fighting is over, as well as before, until the victors will be sure that all opposition will have ceased. In order to break any spirit of civilian opposition, it is quite certain that large numbers of the more obstinate citizens of the defeated nation will be "liquidated," as is being done today in China and Spain, and as has been done systematically in Russia.

It will be a horrible procedure, but war is a horrible thing. The greatest stupidity in the world is to try to reform war. War should be considered as devoid of even the slightest resemblance to decency. We must realize that war is so different from peace that the former must be entirely disassociated from the latter. During time of war, men try to destroy in minutes what was centuries in being produced. In time of peace, we pay tribute to creative genius. In war, the idiot who can bring about the greatest destruction of human life, and who can wipe out the most evidence of human progress, is made the hero of the war and the idol of the nation. True to its nature, war brings out the worst in the nation, just as it does in the individual. While war is in progress, Christianity is threatened. No Christian can declare his hatred of another human being, and remain a Christian. Statements admitting of but one interpretation made by the Founder of Christianity have settled that point definitely. But during the last war we had Catholic Germans praying to Almighty God for aid in bringing about the slaughter of Catholic French. Meanwhile, Catholic French were asking for divine aid in murdering Catholic Germans. To what kind of a God, may we ask, with all reverence, are we supposed to pray? Does God change His Nature, upon a declaration of war by a given nation, and become a partizan? Such prayers and religious services constitute a travesty upon religion, and in effect, sacrilege. They undermine the very nature of Christianity, with its doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and the Mystical Body of Christ. Let the advocate of war be recognized for what he is, the enemy of our spiritual advancement as well as the would-be destroyer of our material welfare.

Much as one is apt to abhor war and desire peace, it must be admitted that the present wave of world dictatorship seems to make any scheme of world cooperation impossible. What chance, we may ask, is there for anything of that nature with Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini admitting no restraining power other than their own insane wills? With no democracy evident in the Soviet Union, Italy, Germany, Rumania, Spain, and in the western world, in Mexico, it would seem that for the time being such world cooperation is impossible. Such an arrangement presupposes some sort of democratic control by the people, and such is not the case in any of the dictatorships mentioned. In this connection, it is somewhat disconcerting, and ironically amusing, to note the great interest which the Communists have recently developed in prolonging the life of such effete governments as those of England and the United States. For years, the Communists worked in the interest of a world revolution, envisaging a subsequent proletarian dictatorship. Now, Earl Browder and others of his group are writing in Communist journals and elsewhere, urging that a united front be created by the Soviet Union, the United States, England and France.

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We shall be working for a queer objective, indeed, when we become a party to an effort to make the world safe for "democracy" as it is understood in the Soviet Union, with its disregard of individual rights, its hatred of religion, its bloody "purges" and conspiracy "trials," and all the rest of the sickening record of the degenerate government which followed but did not greatly lessen the imbecility in administration associated with the Romanoffs. Admittedly, we would be insane if we cooperated with the Fascist nations, since the stupidity of their leaders is so patently ridiculous, but we shall be making no rational decision if we decide to ally ourselves to the dictatorship hypocritically masquerading as the "democratic" U. S. S. R.

However, we Americans are forced to admit that we have not always been a peace-loving people. Accordingly, we are not altogether justified in our condemnation of Japan, in view of some of our past actions. Since, however, we should consider nations, as well as individuals, capable of reform, let us hope that a new day has dawned. Nevertheless, our present neutrality legislation and our relations with other nations at war leave much to be desired. Faulty neutrality legislation is a factor that may be responsible for bringing on war.

While I am not a thoroughgoing pacifist by any means, and am ready, in case of actual invasion of our nation, to fight and, if possible, kill many of the enemy before perhaps being killed myself, I am nevertheless opposed to the extension of American foreign trade by the use of the army and navy. I would prefer to be shot by a squad of United States soldiers for cowardice, rather than become a party to any cheap warfare instituted to advance the interests of the United Fruit Company, the United States Steel Corporation, or any similar concern. It was not an accident that a boat owned by the Standard Oil Company was near the Panay when the latter was sunk on the Yangtze River. The Panay had no more legitimate business upon that Chinese river than a Japanese gunboat would have upon Lake Michigan. The Americans in the Chinese war zone were too interested in their property to leave. Presumably, the United States should be ready to go to war against Japan, and lose thousands of men, if necessary, and billions of dollars, perhaps, to protect a few mercenary Americans and their paltry investments in China. It is high time for Congress to declare that the army and navy, maintained by all the people, are not to be at the beck and call of certain American business concerns. If an American firm cannot make the necessary arrangements with the government of an area in which it wishes to operate, then that concern should leave.

The situation in the Far East is bad, but it is not of our making. If China will organize her resources, she will be able to defeat the greedy Japanese aggressors. In Europe, insanity is everywhere evident. Apparently, Europe is planning what should be a successful suicide. There is nothing we can do for a continent that tries to maintain Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin contemporaneously. Europe has apparently fulfilled her destiny, and has decided to destroy her culture. So be it. We can do nothing about that. We must, however, protect ourselves from a mad-dog dictator, be he Asiatic or European in origin. That may be done by airplanes and a navy of reasonable size, but not necessarily the mammoth one that is now being contemplated. Such a navy would admit of aggressive instincts upon our part. We must somehow attain a greater degree of self-sufficiency, in an economic sense. A great world trade is impossible under present-day nationalism. It is quite likely that the militarism found in a half-dozen great nations will bring on war in less than five years. We must stay out of that chaos. We have here individual freedom unparalleled in any other nation, and a national sanity which is unique. Let us preserve it by avoiding the destructive whirlpool of present-day world affairs.

Isolation, Cooperation and Peace

By ELIZABETH M. LYNSKEY

EUROPEANS, we know, look upon the United States as a nation of chronic alarmists, but not all our recurrent talk of war can be attributed to the perennial unrest of students in the springtime, or to the lobbyists of arms manufacturers. Rather is it due to the mounting evidence that war is being prepared for by responsible and intelligent heads of governments.

If no general war is now contemplated, why is there so vast an increase in armaments in Great Britain, in the United States, and soon to come in France? How otherwise can the average citizen interpret the military demonstrations and governmental conversations in Rome, during the visit of Hitler to Mussolini? How else can one understand the Anglo-French agreement for the pooling of military forces and supplies? To such queries on foreign events the American citizen adds a few about his own government. Is war really foreshadowed, or is the American armaments program a concession to the steel industry, a form of the much-discussed "pump-priming"? Does the claim that our defense is obsolete possibly cover hidden preparation for war? If another world war is on the way, can the United States stay out? If so, how, and at what cost?

Subtle changes have been taking place in American political attitudes toward war and neutrality

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during the last two years. An entertaining example of reversal of views on the part of the *Nation* and the *New Masses* appeared in THE COMMONWEAL last week. Even though dissension is evident within groups, a definite alignment of opinion is coming into view. In the face of the inability of the League of Nations to arrive at any effective prevention of war, possible means of avoiding warfare are again under discussion.

Whether one accepts war and American participation in it as certain, whether one espouses a program of collective security or isolation depends very largely on whether one believes that men are reasonable beings, and communities interdependent. Roughly estimated, there are three lines of thought, as follows: those who regard both war and our entrance into it as inevitable; those who think that nothing can stop a general war, but that the United States can remain out of it, or on the sidelines; those who think that war need not come at all. In the first group are probably the majority of extremists of both left and right economic views. Probably the greater part of Americans are in class two, advocates of one or another form of isolation or neutrality. In the first and third groups one finds all those who would support any form of cooperative action, for varied and often for opposite reasons.

Take the case of the advocates of isolation, who argue that America can and must stay out of a general war, either by stopping trade with foreign nations altogether, or by declaring our neutrality in any foreign war. Such a person either believes that this nation is or can be separated from all foreign interests of any sort, or he believes that sanity has fled from foreign shores to abide here as a last resting-place. The isolationist whose views arise from nationalism does one of two things: he argues for a return to the ideas of neutrality that preceded the Great War (the freedom of the seas, and the attempt to confine war geographically to the belligerents, within legal boundaries of military necessity, sovereign responsibility, and humanity); or he refuses to defend American foreign trade and investments, argues for national self-sufficiency and national economic planning, jeers at "humanizing" warfare, and speaks feelingly of "buying American" and "minding our own business." On the other hand, the isolationist whose convictions spring from humanitarian idealism or religious pacifism sees in the nation which resorts to modern war a society less than human, from which he recoils. Devoted to humane ideas, cultural and personal values, and oftentimes to ideals of democratic government, he wishes to preserve "civilization" in one corner of a crazy world. He would have the United States withdraw as it were within its citadel of plenty and beauty, and close the gates upon the clamor of the hungry in outer darkness.

In either case portrayed above, if the isolationist is consistent, he must favor a large navy or a large army, or both. If he wishes to maintain old-fashioned neutrality, he must realize that the freedom of the seas can be maintained by neutrals only by their willingness to enforce the principle. Sometimes, as in the last war, the attempt to keep the seas free for neutral shipping may draw neutrals into the war, whereupon they cease to be neutral and often lose interest in the freedom of the seas. If the isolationist prefers to have his nation withdraw entirely from foreign trade in time of war, he must permit his government to defend this decision against those fighting nations whose chance to win the war may be harmed by the decision, as also against discontent from within the isolated state. Seldom will the isolationist admit this necessity for armaments. He confuses neutrality and isolation with peace and tranquillity. He admits that within the state the conflicting interests of citizens require the institution of courts and police force to gain the public ends for which the state exists—peace and order, justice and freedom for the individual. He does not see, or will not admit, that human migration, trade and investment beyond national borders gain other human ends of an economic character—a higher standard of living, and a wider cultural knowledge, and that these ends, too, require courts and a police force to prevent their conflict from becoming chaos. He may agree that in times past, war has served as a means of maintaining treaties and providing an order in which men might migrate and trade; but he can no longer tolerate war, even to preserve human relations. The nationalist or humanitarian who repudiates war and demands isolation repudiates international exchange of goods and ideas, often without realizing that he must plan to enlarge national forces if he is to reorganize the economic life of his country. If, instead, he repudiates war and demands neutrality, he insists upon retaining the human values of international interdependence, but fails to perceive that he still requires force to defend neutrality against belligerents.

In one respect, the American isolationist has facts on his side. No other nation, unless it be Russia, has so great a supply of all the raw materials necessary to private and public well-being. Except for rubber and certain minerals necessary for war purposes, such as phosphates and manganese, and certain luxuries such as tea, sugar, coffee and silk, this country is extraordinarily fortunate in the diversity of its economic resources. If this were not the case, we might have fewer isolationists. In contrast, citizens of Japan, Italy and Germany, unless their territorial area and their capital were both increased, could not possibly support a policy of ending international trade and investment. Neither could the citizens of

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England break off economic relations with the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, unless, as George Bernard Shaw once gaily proposed, the United States should seek reunion.

When he proposes to end international trade, however, to keep the peace, the American isolationist frequently forgets the producer at home. When he hopes that American munition makers can be made to stop selling arms to Japan, Italy and China, and thinks that we can get along without olive oil, silk and tungsten, he does not explain how he will employ the workers in the silk-stocking mills of New Jersey, or the field hands in Southern cotton lands. He knows that both Chinese and Japanese people not only wear clothes made of American cotton, but also cook and eat and read by the light of American kerosene; yet he cannot see any reason for the presence of the Panay in Chinese waters during the disorder of undeclared war, and does not say what work he thinks can be provided for the oilmen in the Southwest if the trade in oil is ended. He thinks that American capitalists can well afford to go without profits, but often doesn't ask whether the laborers in affected industries can afford to go without jobs, or who will support them when unemployed. What uses will he find for steel which will employ men as does the trade in war materials? Would the American public support a program of public utilities and housing as quickly as it will support a program of naval construction? If the isolationist were to stop our foreign trade without answering these questions, he might find that he had forsworn violence in international affairs only to find it being used in domestic revolution.

Contrast the policy of isolation with that of international cooperation, which likewise unites nationalists and humanitarians. "Collective security" which in 1924 meant the League of Nations or something similar, in 1938 is a cloak of many colors. To the friends of unrestrained business competition it means nothing more than a system of defensive alliances between nations with common economic interests. Witness the fears lately expressed in Congress over the possibility of a quiet Anglo-American naval entente. To some groups, antagonistic to autocratic government, it means a combination of democracies to end the "aggression" of dictatorships, under which term are classified Italy, Germany and Japan, but rarely Russia, Spain or Mexico. To the American League for Peace and Democracy and the American Student Union, the term "collective security" means the active preparation of American public opinion for a war in partnership with Great Britain, France—yes, and Russia—against the "Fascist nations." These partizans look upon nations as interdependent only in so far as they are ruled by the same sort of people. They have no desire to maintain international trade and investment, but would completely end the present ownership of both, to transfer them to public agencies. They do not object to force per se, but would turn international warfare into class warfare, for which they see a grand opportunity in an attack on Italy, Japan and Germany. "Collective"? Possibly. "Security"? Hardly. Nor is this policy in any true sense cooperation between nations.

Both of the foregoing groups expect America to enter a coming war, either because they believe that economic conflict cannot be ended, and our fate is tied up with that of nations with whom we trade, or because they believe that the conflict in policies can end only in extermination of one side, and plan to "get the jump on" their opponents. There remains to be considered one more group, those who believe that war can be avoided if men and nations would cooperate reasonably rather than resort to war to achieve public ends. To them, war springs primarily from the international disorder attendant upon (a) the unequal distribution of raw materials among nations, (b) power politics, in which power is sought for its own sake rather than for purposes of public order, and (c) the denial of human rights to life, freedom and a modicum of property by many modern rulers.

To cure the first, they offer a number of measures, some of which are already working in a limited fashion to create a freer flow of goods and capital and to provide for freer movements of population. Among the measures are found international labor conventions, reciprocal trade agreements, international monetary exchange agreements, and commodity agreements such as those for sugar and wheat.

To diminish the second cause of war, they urge the use of the international courts at the Hague. Rather than use war as a means of settling disputes, many supporters of international cooperation would like to see the establishment of an international police force, and the extension of international law to bring more matters of dispute under the jurisdiction of judges. Justice would thereby be served rather than expediency.

To cure the third cause of disorder, friends of cooperative methods are now beginning to talk of an International Bill of Rights, a world-wide standard of human freedom. A beginning was made early in the history of the League with the outlawry of the slave trade, the erection of some safeguards for mandated areas and minorities, and the effort to end vicious and enslaving traffic in human vice. If this movement could be extended to provide a working standard of justice, the use of war to resist violation of human rights might end, and peace have the sound of reality.

The problem is to subordinate force in international relations to the purposes of order. Let us hope it is not too late to find the cooperative way. Men before have overcome force with reason.

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Poetry

Peace

"Think not I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace but a sword"—Matthew, x, 14.

Not even in the breast
Because of Him comes peace on dove-like wing:
Rather a strife that knows no rest,
A sword unsated in its ravening.

The trump that into sleep
Crashes; the fire that startles drowsy night;
The deep that calls the hungry deep
To ashen wilderness and naked height.

Joy, eagle-winged, not peace—
Fierce ardor on the storm, against the sun.
But think not tug and stretch will cease:
There is no peace until the war be won.

Only this much—enough:
To glimpse far off with visionary eyes
In battle on the bastioned bluff
The peace that burns in grandeur on the skies.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Lilac Money

There was a child who stripped young lilac leaves;
He bundled them up and called them money;
There was a child who savored the sassafras shoots,
And thought a garden was no garden unless his own.

I remember them now, and vividly,
Garden, child, and lilac money,
And plentiful sassafras at root of tree.

There was the father who cleared the lane of underbrush,
And there was the child sorting the smoothest chips,
Basketing the rough to kindle the kitchen fire,
While the brush piled high, and the lane grew bare.

And I recall how the father sighed,
"This work. This work." The child sighed too,
"Here is play enough to last the year through."

ETHEL B. AREHART.

Thieves in Eden

Eden is no forsaken country yet
While there are thieves that steal in under night
Behind the avenging angel and his light,
Purloining bits of wonder men forget:
That flake of gold on hair the painter met
Only in magic lands forbidden sight,
And sometimes written words will burn as bright
As if the angry guard were never set.

So still some crafty exiles will reclaim
Fragments of Eden lingering in their art,
Recapture still some glory from the blame,
And grains of bounty for their piteous part—
Yet learn the terrible pangs, the righteous aim
Of the swift angelic sword upon the heart!

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR.

The Poles

Each child upon the glassy beach is two,
One child with his head up, one head down,
Running just as fast and just as true
And touching his bare toes on sand as brown.

The children's eyes are flakes blown off the sea,
The puffs of sudden foam and they are brothers,
They run as far as waves will let them be
Away from hands and voices of their mothers.

They pick up sugar-cookies made of shell
With stars pricked finely on their upper crust,
The mothers and the fathers sit and look,
The children run and shout because they must.

They run and do not know where they are going,
Their elders mean no more than that white tower,
The lighthouse far at sea, white birds are snowing
As if someone had picked apart a flower.

Out on the headland where the wide gales lean
Minute daisies blossom sweet and mild,
These are the poles and all that is between,
The savage ocean playing with a child.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

Two Poems

The Angel of the Bank

She plays the index file as if a harp—
An arm on either side. Her graceful hands
Find all the harmonies of flat and sharp,
Plucking this card, then that, among the strands.
Swiftly she draws a finger down the length
While each deposit card moves like a string,
Then wakes arpeggios with silent strength. . . .
Till index file and clerk and building sing.

The Priest in Spring

There was a path he might have taken,
Sedate cement; but he was shaken
By china-lilies in a crowd.
He crossed the lawn and laughed aloud,
Tucked up his gown and ran and jumped
Over their heads. The blossoms clumped
In shocked surprise, and never ceased
To whisper of that lamb-like priest.

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS.

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The Cloister and Society

By H. A. REINHOLD

IN 1913 the present Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, who was then Abbot of Maria Laach in the Eifel Mountains near the Rhine, received four or five young men in one of the parlors of the 800-years-old monastery. They had asked for an interview, because they wanted advice for their spiritual life. One of them was Paul Simon, now provost of the metropolitan cathedral of Paderborn and honorary dean of the theological faculty at Tuebingen University; another was Professor Hermann Platz of Bonn University, an expert on modern French thought and literature and a beloved leader of German Catholic youth; a third was Father Kerkhey who was later preacher at Muenster cathedral and confessor of the whole city; and there was also young Dr. Heinrich Bruening who was then preparing himself to become an assistant to one of the most famous economists of Germany.

Abbot Stotzingen with his customary friendliness asked them to state their problems. He was not a little surprised, when he heard what these young laymen and future priests wanted from him. He told them that he had a man in his monastery who might be able to help them—a young and very learned monk by the name of Dom Ildefons Herwegen who had often talked to him about his problems and, strangely enough, as far as he could remember, he had not only touched the same matters, but he had even used the same terms.

So Dom Herwegen was called and the young monk and these men of the world found themselves in perfect agreement. Thus began a wonderful Catholic revival, which first seized the intelligentsia of Germany, then spread to the young clergy, invaded parishes and organizations, overcame prejudices of superiors of both sexes, and is now the consolation of millions suffering for their faith.

The case was very simple and it seems incomprehensible that anyone could have looked on these endeavors as revolutionary. These men wanted nothing but their legitimate share in the liturgical life of the Church. They wanted to know what "it was all about." They felt the existence of a gap between their personal piety and the official worship on the altar which no one had been able to bridge. They had been sitting patiently through their Sunday Masses, saying their rosaries, singing popular hymns or listening to a concert-like performance of a first- or second-rate choir. Some of them had even handled a missal in the vernacular—but they could not make head nor tail out of all this, even when they were initiated into such subtleties as the "ordo" and even when they never failed to keep up with the priest.

What had all this to do with their personal happiness, their approach to Almighty God, their sanctification? Were these all dead formulae, relics of antiquity and the Middle Ages, jealously preserved by clerics who did not know themselves why they stuck to such petrified and circumstantial rites in our fast-living and subjectivist times? Or was there any meaning in this odd assortment of anthems, lessons, gospels and prayers? Could they be used to build up personal prayer? Could they be resuscitated by the individual and by a community, a community of men and women, children and old people, laborers and students who were not silly antiquarians and esthetes? Could all this become daily bread for a good Catholic stomach or was it to be caviar for some esoterics? Must there continue always to be a clerical track for expresses to heaven and another one for the dumb lay people with slow trains freighted with popular devotions which had nothing in common with the things behind the altar rail but some general ideas and good intentions? Or is not the Church's prayer and sacrifice really the prayer and sacrifice of the whole Church, i. e., all the faithful?

I remember that, when I was a young soldier in 1915, fresh from the famous Masurian campaign, sick with frozen limbs and dysentery, lying in my hospital bed, the chaplain came to see me and handed me a missal with a German translation and told me to use it. I could hardly believe that I as a young layman should be allowed to know what the priest was doing on the altar! These things had been taboo for us, although we were quite friendly with our parish priests and used to discuss apologetical questions for hours. I must say that I am still thankful to these courageous men who had so much initiative and, unafraid, went into the lion's den.

The outcome of this visit was an invitation to these men and their friends to come back for Holy Week, 1914. This was the first "Liturgical Week" which developed so amazingly into one of the permanent institutions of German Catholicism and bore such tremendous fruit. There is now almost no abbey in Germany, Austria and—as far as I know—in Belgium, where there are not liturgical weeks several times a year. The guests live in the monastery and take part in the monks' life as far as possible. These weeks are very popular with all classes of the population, not

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only among young students. Even priests and nuns come to liturgical weeks and many a parish and most of the boarding-schools and seminaries have their own liturgical weeks.

The World War interrupted this new movement. But no sooner was it over than three series of publications appeared. Romano Guardini opened the series, "Ecclesia Orans," with his famous booklet, "The Spirit of the Liturgy." I still remember a gloomy January afternoon during the revolution of 1919, when I saw this handsome little book in the window of Herder's book shop in Freiburg. It attracted my attention, I must confess, primarily because of its good-looking make-up which was then quite an exception for a "pious" book. That evening I read it twice. I got so excited about it that I could not sleep that night, my mind being filled with another and deeper view of my Church. The legalistic body of restrictions and commandments which I used to have in my mind and which I used to defend in fierce and dull despair, had vanished before the vision of Christ's Mystical Body and the incredible beauty of His Mystical Life among us through His sacraments and mysteries. For thousands of my Catholic fellow countrymen this book started a new Catholicity and a deeper understanding and love of our holy faith. We could hardly wait for the following volumes of the "Ecclesia Orans"; Dom Hammenstede's "Liturgy as Experience"; Dom Cassel's two revolutionizing little booklets on the Mass as "Mysterion" and the real meaning of the Holy Canon.

At the same time the best speakers of the abbey, including Abbot Herwegen who had meanwhile succeeded Abbot Stotzingen, traveled over Germany and spoke to large and small audiences, inviting them to their monastery. They met the leaders of the Catholic youth and intelligentsia, and addressed priests in retreats and conferences. Two scientific series devoted to liturgical sources, liturgics and historical research went on at the same time under the leadership of Abbot Herwegen. The cooperation of the best German and foreign historians was soon enlisted. An annual filled with valuable articles on liturgical subjects and a compendious review of all existing literature on the subject has been a feature of German scientific book production ever since.

The liturgical weeks were soon followed by retreats, based on the liturgy and a piety of definitely "objective" and sacramental character. This example was soon imitated by other abbeys and religious societies, and finally three great agencies accomplished what a small community of monks could not, namely, a nation-wide popularization. These three agencies were: the Akademikerverband, a national union of Catholic university graduates in all professions; the huge Catholic youth organizations with their millions of members; and the Popular Apostolate for Liturgical Revival at Klosterneuburg near Vienna. They embraced the ideas of Maria Laach with profound enthusiasm and within about fifteen years popular piety and devotion had been relinked to the "official" worship of the Church and its sacramental and biblical character in a degree which may have been realized only in the golden age of liturgy.

There was a heroic age of this liturgical movement, when everybody was in such high spirits, especially the young clergy and students, that those who, with however little justification, claimed to stand for sound "tradition," had need to warn against exaggeration. I remember times when young people, in their joy at discovering the superior evangelical beauty of the liturgical "world," wanted to abolish altogether such popular substitutes as the stations and the rosary. But this purist fervor has never been very widespread and never deserved those bitter attacks launched against a "new heresy" by narrow and over-anxious "guardians of the Faith."

In spite of my own enthusiasm for the Church's prayer, I was very sceptical when I arrived in Maria Laach in 1920. One of the novices showed me the crypt of the glorious old romanesque abbey church and pointed out that the lay Brothers and novices had their community Mass there every morning, in which they recited the Gloria and Credo in common with the celebrant, replied in unison to his acclamations and took part in an Offertory procession, bringing their own altar bread to the altar rail—thus reviving a custom which died out only a few centuries ago and which is now replaced by the certainly more prosaic money collection at the Offertory.

Since I was on my way back from Rome, I was less shocked at the fact that the altar was not facing the wall but the people, because I had seen this in all the major churches in Rome and I thought this was much more sensible than for the priests to turn their back to those with whom they act the *Sacrum Mysterium* of Our Lord's Sacrifice. I thought, however, that they were too romantic, just "crazy about vestments, old stuff and all the external paraphernalia"—an attitude which we acknowledge with an indulgent smile in certain high Anglican communities who build themselves cozy little monasteries in Italian romanesque and go around like Sicilian *curati,* although they conceive themselves to be the "English branch of the universal Church."

But I had been rash (all redheads are rash, I was told the other day). The next morning at Mass I discovered that this was really the form which enabled me as a layman fairly to share in the Church's sacrifice. This form flowed quite naturally from the real meaning of the Mass, it was almost suggested by its ceremonies and texts.

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The amazing thing was only this—why on earth had we never thought of it before? There was a very normal and manly atmosphere, and the grey-bearded old lay Brothers were just as happy and at home in "their" Mass as the fervent young students fresh from the universities.

Two little incidents show that things did not always go as smoothly as it appeared. Wild rumors had been spread throughout Germany, especially among the clergy. These monks had invented a new liturgy, had disregarded our good old (and comfortable) traditions, were advocating a lay priesthood which would destroy the respect for the priesthood proper and almost smacked of Luther's doctrine of a universal priesthood. We in the monastery lived in happy ignorance of these hair-raising rumors.

One beautiful afternoon the seven mighty bells of our old minster rang and a big limousine drove up to the gates. In it was the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne. Apparently "Headquarters" had asked him to look into the matter and to find out what sort of *Mysteria* the monks and their guests were performing. Well, the result of this visit was that next morning a certain member of the Sacred College had tears in his eyes and that a year or so later he stood behind a portable altar in his own huge cathedral saying the *missa recitata* with the whole congregation. And from then on, at all the annual Catholic congresses in Germany, with their ten thousands of faithful attending, the Nuncios—then Pacelli and now Orsenigo—have said the Mass facing the congregation, and very often reciting the appropriate prayers with all those present. The climax was that famous last congress in Vienna in 1933, at which Chancellor Dollfuss assisted. Thousands "sang the Mass" on different occasions in vernacular and Latin.

As a natural consequence of this return to Bible and liturgy, very soon the popular substitutes and the hitherto extra-liturgical practises and devotions became more imbued with liturgical and biblical spirit, and much of the sentimental and pseudo-baroque trash of the late nineteenth century dropped out. Once familiar with the central mystery of the Church, the faithful soon demanded more of the true bread of Christ. Baptisms, which hitherto had appeared to be a legal performance in a corner of the church, with much mumbling, salt, and other strange practises, regained in its performance its old majestic beauty, and many dioceses gave as many texts as possible in the vernacular. This happened, *mutatis mutandis,* with extreme unction, matrimony and holy orders. People no longer liked fifteen-minute Masses, and rushing through other ceremonies. And the clergy were glad to see their flock participate in the most vital and essential things of Catholic life. The heart of the faithful in their religious life began to beat in rhythm with the Church, or, as Guardini has put it, the Church awoke in the souls of the faithful.

Before my first funeral in Switzerland, which I, now a priest, had to perform in a little village near Meiringen, I was asked by my pastor to say every word in the vernacular, and I never before saw a crowd so deeply impressed by the Church's prayer. It shows that this movement of making the Church's prayer the people's own prayer has not only penetrated Austria and Germany, but also the German-speaking parts of Switzerland.

The hierarchy hesitated only a short time to acknowledge this popular movement inaugurated by monks. Of course some exaggeration made some bishops cautious and there was some opposition from the older generation among people and clergy, who had heard wild stories about self-appointed reformers and innovators. Some people tried to construe an incompatibility between extra-liturgical, so-called popular devotions and liturgical prayer, fearing from their own legalistic attitude toward liturgy that a cold and soulless piety might destroy what they thought to be the real food for Catholic souls. But this never happened. From time to time, certain ascetic schools have objected to the "free and easy" ascetism built on this less methodical and less technical attitude toward sanctification and have uttered grumbling warnings. But they underestimated the sound religious schooling of the leaders, who had an older tradition to defend than these men of the *devotio moderna* and the nineteenth century.

A greater understanding of the natural process of growth, more faith in God's work in the souls of the redeemed, greater emphasis on the sacramental life and less moralizing have imbued this generation with that joyful spirit of martyrdom of which they are now in such bad need. It is less dull to be a Catholic than it was under the atmosphere of an almost jansenistic past. There was also a heated dispute in the middle of the twenties when a learned professor and his friends started a drumfire of theological name-calling—"paganism" and "modernism"—but he only helped to unearth good old theological traditions and brought forth such valuable allies as Abbot Vonier's book on the Holy Eucharist. These lofty scientific speculations were fought with courage, and I think the monks won the battle.

In the meantime, those hard-working men, Abbot Herwegen, Dom Hammenstede and Dom Casel with their confrères, and with the assistance of other orders, priests and laymen, had thrown open the doors of the sanctuary to God's people, a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation to offer up spiritual sacrifices. As long as this spirit prevails among German Catholics, who have come of age so far as to be chosen to suffer a persecution, the Church in Germany will not succumb to any vicious attack.

ST. CHARLES
CARTHAGE, OHIO

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The Nation's Hope: Illiteracy

By EDWARD C. McAULIFFE

IN SOME ways it has become desirable not to be able to read. To have missed much of what is currently being contributed to the popular magazines, is to have escaped a "polish" and a pseudo-gentility it is as well not to have, missed knowing what it isn't necessary to know, and avoided having to do what one just naturally doesn't want to do. Only the illiterate nowadays have a fair chance to achieve that simple contentment, that unaffected bliss, so much to be desired.

For example, you who read magazines stand an excellent chance of becoming so cultured and so sweet that nobody will be able to live with you. With everyone a magazine reader, the race will die out of its own perfection. You and I will live by ourselves in cottages on grassy banks; marriages will become fewer because everyone will have a career and will be intellectually superior to everyone else; and the insect world will eventually assume its long-foretold mastery of the earth. And all because of the abundance of published material designed to lift us up, guide us to light, and bring us out of ourselves.

The magazine writers have shown us the way to culture—to so much culture that we must be very annoying to the non-magazine readers who haven't ever been told that dinner conversation must be about new books and the theatre. We who read the better monthlies (and the digests) know the smell of London in the early morning, the aroma of boiling wood pulp at dusk in a Maine forest, and the pungent odor of hot tar on a newly laid road in the country. We have learned that one must go to the Pyrenees for blue grapes, to Madagascar for yellow turnips, and to Nantes for broccoli. We know there is a haze over the Scottish moors and that one has a feeling of nostalgia at the sight of a Chinese junk on the Yangtse. And we are all sweet and unselfish inside.

We are spiritually courageous too—and we respond sympathetically to the many published accounts of beautiful courages. To have read the magazines for the past few years is to have been shown, a hundred times, how the depression was beaten by individuals who had at once courage and humility.

"John and I made it"—and you have the story of the intelligent young wife and her college-bred husband in their struggle to stay off relief. What a blow it was when John lost his $80 a week position with the advertising agency! What long, disheartening weeks of steady inroads upon their savings while John sought another opening in his particular field! With what reluctance did he finally admit defeat and desperately search for work—any kind of work! And how bitter was it at first, after John did find a job, to admit to their friends that he was working on a garbage wagon! How his back ached each night and how his clothes gave testimony of his mean occupation! But in the end, as the story was wont to go, John had his own horse, wagon and "refuse route" (as he, in the manner of an advertising man, called it). He and Dorothy had found it hard, sometimes hopeless—but they had won out. Through perseverance and sacrifice they had found a new world, a world strange and hitherto unknown to them—but still not less beautiful and rich in blessings than the one they had lost.

You know, from reading the fifty-cent magazines, that it is fashionable, in a literary way, to write on such topics as "My Opinion of God," "Will Heaven be Worth While?" or "Give Morality a Chance." The "confession" type of article is another favorite and is generally entitled something like "I Am a Cad," "I Was a Deaf Mute" or "I Am the Mother-in-Law." We have been subjected also to a plethora of published material on how to develop will-power, self-confidence and personality—to combat which two well-conceived books have been written: "Let Your Mind Alone" and "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People."

You read, too, that there are giant movements getting under way and national organizations springing up everywhere to promote them. The movements themselves are seldom as remarkable to you, the practical reader, as is the fact that other people think them remarkable enough to justify nation-wide organizations in their furtherance. We have the campaign to do away with double-feature movie programs—surely laudable enough in itself, but somewhat short of warranting the establishment of a coast-to-coast network of We-Don't-Want-Double-Feature clubs. Then, there is the hikers' movement. It is perfectly proper and beneficial for one to hike, and it likewise fitting that he or she belong to a local club of fellow devotees; but I say that you, the magazine-reader, are being imposed upon when you are confronted with thousands of words written about the National Roustabouts, Inc., and the many roadside hostelries which cater to its members and give them lodging for $.25 a night.

You learn also that in thirty-two states there have sprung up branches of an organization of amateur fire-fighters, and that throughout rural New England there are hundreds of high-school groups, the members of which stay after school

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two nights a week learning to cultivate garden plots of their own. You wonder, as I do, why you seem never to have any personal contact with these mass movements, far-flung as they are supposed to be. You talk with no members of the Young Shoemakers' Guild which has forty chapters in as many states. You search in vain for a girl who belongs to the National Cyclists, an organization which has attracted thousands.

You are crammed full of national movements—widespread, growing, organized movements toward or away from something that is not in the least important anyway as far as you are concerned. You feel that if people who live in trailers want to form an association, let them do so; let them even talk about their organization among themselves; let them, by grace of a two-thirds vote of the Senate, publish their own magazine; but let their publicity not trespass on your reading time and mine by getting itself into the national magazines.

The same writers have brought the "hobby" into our heretofore narrow lives. Everyone should cultivate a hobby, they say. In our leisure hours we must either make something with our hands or collect something, however queer or useless that which we make or collect might be. As an alternative, we may write poetry between the hours of three and four each morning; or publish, with our own printing presses, family newspapers to circulate among relatives. Formerly, the only hobby anyone ever heard about was cabinet-building. Everyone who thought himself in need of a hobby naturally turned to making cabinets in a basement workshop, regardless of whether he had use for the cabinet to be produced.

But no longer is his problem so simply solved. No longer is the hobby always pursued in the seclusion of a basement. (And therein lies a threat to the peace and stability of the family, for it is often difficult, for example, to interest one's wife in one's public-speaking course.) Still, the magazine writers have insisted that we round out our lives through hobbies and they have made their wishes and instructions so explicit that we cannot but comply.

So it is becoming almost refreshing (to me, anyway) to meet an illiterate bore who knows nothing of the salty tang of the air on the seacoast, whose sole hobby is shooting pool, who is a part of no nation-wide movement except C.I.O., and who reads only as far as the sports section. If enough of his sort can hold out against the onslaughts of pedantry and commercialized culture, there is hope for the sanity of the race.

But I'm not altogether serious: I do like the smell of crisp, new bank-notes on a sultry Saturday morning—and I have already sent in my application for membership in the National Association of Pipe-Smokers.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WITH the departure of Adolf Hitler from Rome the spotlight of international publicity swings at least temporarily from the figures of the Nazi leader and his Fascist host; and the flood of dispatches which chronicled the outward aspects of their meeting and guessed at what went on in private between them and their various lieutenants, will now be diverted to other sources of the news. From Berlin, and Prague, and Paris, and London, and Geneva, and Moscow, and Warsaw, and all the other agitated centers of Europe will come rumors and speculations as to what did or did not take place in Rome when the two dictators met. Is it Rumania, or Hungary, or Czechoslovakia, which is to be the next arena for a Hitler coup? Did Mussolini really accept Hitler's pledge to respect Italy's frontier at the Brenner Pass? Did Mussolini's elaborate display of naval and military might and readiness really have the desired effect on Hitler and his generals? These and a score of similar questions will be discussed, until some more pressing problem is created elsewhere on the stage of European affairs.

Yet it well may be that a greater problem than any of those relating to the political or military or economic aspects of the Rome-Berlin axis remains to be settled, although it is not likely to be discussed to any enlightening extent by the correspondents. The nature of this problem may be at least suggested, however, by a few paragraphs that came from Rome during the hectic days of the Hitler visit, dealing with a few words spoken by Pope Pius XI to a group of pilgrims at his summer home at Castel Gandolfo, when he expressed his sorrow that it "had not been considered exceedingly out of place and untimely to hoist in Rome . . . the insignia of another cross that is not the cross of Christ."

His words, of course, were seen to be an obvious reference to the display in Rome of the crooked cross, the swastika, in honor of Adolf Hitler, under whose régime in Germany the religion in which Hitler was born has been so ruthlessly persecuted by him. And they evoked an outburst of typical insolence on the part of a leading fascist journal, Premier Mussolini's personal organ, *Il Popolo d'Italia*. "If it is necessary to speak clearly," remarked an editorial in this sheet, "we should like to say to the father of all us Catholics . . . that today it is very dangerous to speak of and wave the cross of Christ as if it were a weapon and then to find oneself in the menacing and smirking company of masonic and bolshevik usurers without any longer having in one's hands even the whip which scourged them from the temple of God."

Well, the Holy Father has been told many times before—and all the Fathers of the Faithful back through the endless line to Peter himself have often been told—that it is dangerous to speak of, and to uphold, the cross of Christ when the princes of this world, and the tyrants thereof, do not care to be reminded of the teachings of Christ and His Church. And no doubt he will continue

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to speak of the cross, and to hold it up, in blessing, in warning, in rebuke, as the occasions demand, in spite of the sinister warnings of the fascist press.

Yet the episode should enlighten many who have been singularly obtuse as to the relations of the Head of the Catholic Church with the political system now prevailing in Italy. Only a short time ago, a number of American committees supporting the Spanish government issued a joint statement in which the accusation was made that Pope Pius XI was deliberately and consciously an ally of Hitler and Mussolini, and that "the Vatican is one of the international triumvirate lined up to destroy democratic government and restore autocracy." This conclusion was arrived at simply because the Pope had issued a warning against communism which happened to follow an outbreak on the same subject by Hitler and to be followed by one from Mussolini.

As a matter of fact, of course, the Holy See, not only through its present head, but long before, fifty years ago at least, in the person of Leo XIII, was warning the world not only against communism—and the forces of greed and unjust privilege and unchecked commercial competition which provoke communism—but also against the new pagan forces which have led to the tyrannical state systems which oppose communism only to substitute other deadly evils in its place. Some of these tyrants profess to rejoice that the Pope agrees with their own denunciations of communism; but when the Pope proves that the teachings of the cross do not agree with their own state worship, and the idolatry of nation or empire or race, they are as prompt to turn against the Pope, and the cross, and well nigh as savage in their resentment, as the communists themselves. But the Popes still uphold the cross—it is for faithful Catholics to follow that cross, and not the signs and banners of the princes and powers of this world.

Communications

MARITAIN LOOKS AT FRANCO

Winnipeg, Man.

TO the Editors: It seems rather strange to one who has read considerable about the Spanish Civil War and the events leading up to it, mostly from Catholic sources it is true, to notice in the April 22 Communication column of your most interesting weekly, letters headed "Maritain Looks at Franco" and "Quotations on Spain."

Possibly because the writer is not an intellectual he cannot appreciate the arguments set out with such superior wisdom by "those open-minded persons," to quote the Reverend Donald Hayne in your edition of April 22, who feels it necessary to speak apparently for "that respectable body of Catholic opinion which cannot quite see the activities of the Spanish Nationalists. . . ."

General Franco in a recent broadcast has been quoted as warning the democracies that in turn they may face the same situation which confronted him in July, 1936. If and when such a terrible decision has to be faced by some Catholic leader of France or the United States, I would rather cast my lot with those who have the guts to take up arms rather than side with those who, while their churches are burning, their priests and nuns "on the run," and their government captured by the Marxists, prefer to split philosophical hairs as to whether or not sufficient ethical grounds exist to rebel against "constituted authority."

Arnold Lunn somewhere has said that Lucifer's overthrow from heaven was the only war in which no criticism could be directed against the participants. Why this fear ever present in the minds of our more "respectable" Catholics of styling the Spanish Insurrection a Crusade? From my observation few intelligent admirers of Franco have done so. But what is to be gained at this late hour in the struggle by prolonging a controversy concerning the justification of the rebellion when instead we might thank God that Spain had not only a Franco to lead her in her hour of peril but thousands of sons (and Italian aides) willing to give their lives in a fight against Moscow in defense of the traditions of their native land?

E. G. Cass.

Clark's Summit, Pa.

TO the Editors: It is rather unfortunate that Father Code, in the April 22 issue of The Commonweal, should feel it necessary to quote with approval Mr. Dingle's assertion that Maritain and those of his school of thought adopt an attitude "which leads to an uncharitable treatment of the majority of their fellow Catholics and seems to the present writer to hover at times on the 'dangerous edge' of material heresy." Father Code should recall that the Catholic partizans for Franco continually attacked and criticized Maritain and other Catholics who differed with them in such an uncharitable manner that Cardinal Verdier publicly rebuked them—reminding the Francoites of the ancient attitude of the Church: "Unity in things essential, liberty in things doubtful, charity in all things."

I think it is generally true that those who tie up Catholicism with Francoism spend a much greater proportion of their time accusing those of us who (to use Father Sturzo's words) "do not believe in the necessity of any war, whether waged in the name of religion or in the name of the nation, in the name of right or in the name of the fatherland," of being false Catholics and "material heretics" than we do in attacking them. We would merely say to Franco as Christ said to Peter, "Put back thy sword into its sheath."

Robert C. Ludlow.

St. Albans, England.

TO the Editors: It seems to me a pity that the Catholic minority view on the Spanish question should be too exclusively associated with the great name of Jacques Maritain. There are numbers of ordinary Catholics (some of whom have never heard of Maritain and others of whom have never read a word of his writings) who are convinced that it would have been politically more wise and spiritually more effective had General Franco's party not undertaken to resist evil by means of violence. Then, too, there are such distinguished people as the

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Catholic bishops of Switzerland who, as reported with chapter and verse in the London *Catholic Herald,* have declared that they are "neither for nor against Franco."

I have seen no "uncharitable treatment of the majority of their fellow Catholics" on the part of people who hold the above views. Indeed, the boot is sometimes rather on the other foot, for it has been freely said and written that those who do not support Franco are "not with the Church"—a bad lookout for the Swiss bishops!

Meanwhile, having been delivered from one tyranny, that of the "Reds," the Basques have fallen into another. *La Croix* (Paris) tells us that Monsignor Lauzurika, apostolic administrator of the see of Vitoria, ordered that in churches where the people do not understand Spanish, sermons are to be preached in Basque. The Francoite authorities have cancelled the order and sent Monsignor Lauzurika away to Seville. Yes, I know that "the Reds" have done many and far worse things than this, but they know no better: they do not come before the world as defenders of the Faith and saviors of European civilization.

DONALD ATTWATER.

WHAT IS CAPITALISM?

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: In the April 29 issue of THE COMMONWEAL Father Virgil Michel states that capitalism is doomed. I believe he is like the ultra-conservative doctor who solemnly stated that his dead patient would never enjoy health again. For capitalism, as we understand the term and as he explains it, is dead. . . .

The Blue Eagle of the NRA may be likened to a vulture hovering over the carrion of capitalism, for the government and those who supported the NRA admitted what had long been apparent—that laissez-faire economy had failed. In his 1936 inaugural address President Roosevelt stated: "Repeated attempts at their [ever-rising problems of complex civilization] solution without the aid of government had left us baffled and bewildered."

An appropriate funeral oration for moribund capitalism! When we say that capitalism is dead we refer to that capitalism defined by Sombart, Tawney, Weber and Fanfani, who agree that the capitalistic spirit gives capitalism its distinctive characteristics and form. Factories and machine production are not of the essence of capitalism. They can be used in a communistic or fascistic or Christian order as well.

But capitalism as a controlling social system can exist only in parliamentary governments, for the main characteristic of capitalism is the domination of all life by the economic market. Such domination of all life by economics can exist only when a parliamentary government plays the part of a policeman whose motto is "laissez faire, laissez aller." . . .

The failure of these laws to regulate economic life resulted in many countries in the intervention of political forces to control the national economy. That in itself meant the end of capitalism as we understand the system. Almost a century ago the death of capitalism could have been predicted as certain from a number of internal contradictions to be found within the system:

(1) The three main marks of capitalism pointed out by Werner Sombart and mentioned by Father Michel are the acquisitive spirit, competition and rationality. The acquisitive spirit seeks wealth as an end in itself, with more acquisition as the end of each acquisitive act. Such a spirit led to competition among capitalists, and competition led naturally to the third mark, rationality. Each competitor had to improve his technique of production to secure a comparative advantage over his competitors. As certain industrialists improved their methods of production and eliminated other competitors, the mark of free competition became less and less dominant in the capitalistic system. In the last decades of capitalism the relatively few remaining competitors were forced to reach agreements, form trusts, cartels and monopolies, to preserve themselves. Thus because of intensive rationalization of productive and distribution means, they eliminated to a large extent competition, an essential note of capitalism.

(2) This rationalization of economic methods is necessarily combined with high costs of plant machinery and hence in the long run tends to rigidify itself. For machines are much harder to dismiss than workers; they cannot be replaced as each new improvement is introduced without serious loss of investment to the capitalist. Therefore the very process of rationalization loses its dynamism and results in a more stable organization of economic life and of its consequent, social life. Modern capitalism cannot respond readily to the needs of the market.

(3) The acquisitive spirit of capitalism did much to destroy the very system it created, for it severely limited one of the essential conditions on which it depends, an active market. Capitalism created two rival social classes, the employers and the employed (which now includes the permanent class of unemployed, as Father Michel points out). The employed, who are dependent entirely on their wages for their purchasing power, constituted an ever increasingly large part of the market. But the acquisitive spirit, combined with a myopic view of the situation, caused capitalists to pay low wages to their employees. This practise limited their market severely by decreasing the purchasing power of the employed and by thus decreasing the demand for goods manufactured in the capitalistic system. As long as new foreign markets could be exploited, this self-contradictory note of capitalism did not become apparent. But even the markets of the world are numbered and, when capitalists became dependent on fixed markets, the low wage system was found to undermine the very system which created it.

I agree with Father Michel when he says that "just because capitalism is doomed [dead, I should say], it is imperative for Christians to look not backward but forward." There is no hope of reviving a system which places all life under the domination of the economic market; indeed it is contrary to Christian principles to attempt to revive a system which places mere economic activity at the apex of its hierarchy and denies the right of influence to any moral or religious considerations. Any reform of capitalism which is in accord with Christian principles will give us a society which is no longer capitalistic in the sense in which Father Michel defines capitalism.

THOMAS P. NEILL.

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AN INGREDIENT SADLY LACKING

Albany, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I do most certainly hope that this is going to be such a "little" letter apropos of "An Ingredient Sadly Lacking."

I lived through the campaign of 1928 and, while it is true that our pulpits maintained a dignified silence, I doubt if the occupants were indulging in much heart-easing mirth. They were much too busy at that time bolstering up the courage of the generation which had been born in this country and had grown up with a strong, happy belief in its fairness and freedom. To be kicked in the face by a life-long neighbor and acquaintance, who displays a hitherto unsuspected hatred for your religion, leaves one hurt and bewildered and not inclined to indulge a large, tolerant laugh that hinges on the unprevailing gates of hell. Any Catholic with a modicum of experience in politics could have accepted a Democrat's defeat sportingly. What hurt intolerably was the loss of the ideal in which so many of us believed with joyous faith. But it brought its own mental maturity and in this year of grace 1938, a number of us have guarded opinions about the value of humor and the defense of the Faith.

There are a number of elements which go into the making of a so-called "slur." Some of it is uncontrollable, ingrained bigotry. Occasionally it is the jealousy of the Have-nots toward the Haves, for there are non-believers who envy our peace of mind. Still more of it is a puckish desire to put the heat on us, for defending the Faith these days requires a very liberal education indeed. And the others just like a battle. Consequently, when you read an editorial "innocently" accusing us of supporting fascism, you have a wide range of motives to consider, but I contend that in this unsatisfactory world it is better to fight first and laugh afterward when you are quite certain what the joke is.

Not all of the letters we write are discourteous. Recently I read a conciliatory request from a gentle reader to an editor of a secular magazine to please use the word "veneration" rather than "worship" when speaking of saints, since so much misunderstanding arose from the use of the word "worship." (He went eruditely into dulia, hyper-dulia and Latria.) Back came the editor with the announcement that the dictionary defined veneration as worship. I suspect if the very gentle reader had written a much longer letter on asbestos, the editor's reply would have been abjectly apologetic. A Catholic, for some reason, is expected to fight. Probably it is the old Church Militant idea, but it is understood far better than a superior sense of humor perched on the same unprevailing gates of hell. No one but a Catholic believes in hell or the gates thereof, but anyone, humor or no humor, understands a good blaze of anger.

There is an ingredient sadly lacking, but it is fight, not humor. It needs, however, to be intelligent fighting and our high-brows should not be too shaken with laughter at the crude efforts of their less educated fellows. The events of 1928 may yet prove to have been merely a rehearsal of a very sketchy sort.

LORETTA REILLY.

Points & Lines

National Progressive Party

THE MAGAZINE reaction to the formation of the Progressive party was in general tentative, with judgment deferred. *Newsweek* found this "significance":

> Few impartial political students concede the new La Follette party a chance of electing many candidates either this year or in 1940. But chances are fair that it will eventually wield an important influence on American politics. . . . Assuming that the new party continues to grow, it bids fair to speed the inevitable conservative-vs.-liberal realignment in American politics.

The *Co-operative Builder* of Superior, Wisconsin, says:

> Governor Phil's arithmetic is a little too simple for us. As addition it is fine, but to solve the economic problem it is necessary to progress beyond addition into the realm of division. . . . Cooperators will rejoice to see as one of the six foundation principles of the new party: "The right of every citizen to join with his fellows in cooperative efforts and to bargain collectively through representatives of his own choosing."

Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* claims a certain parentage:

> All these principles of the new party have long since been enunciated by Father Coughlin in his program for social justice. . . . It is not too early to conjecture that even though La Follette succeeds in establishing his party in no more than thirteen states, it will either cut into the Roosevelt majorities or it will force the New Dealers to pledge themselves to La Follette's principles and thereby assimilate the support of the new Progressive movement. . . . Perhaps, with the support of Fiorello La Guardia, who insists that he is still a Republican, it will be possible for the Progressive to seize the Republican machine.

The *Christian Century* declares:

> As a political maneuver, it serves notice on Mr. Roosevelt that if his party adopts a conservative or equivocal course in 1940 it must prepare to suffer the loss of vitally important liberal votes. As such, it is likely to do far more to induce the President to follow a leftish policy than all the arguments of all the brain-trusters combined. As a contribution to American thought, the platform offers to the masses a liberal program which is neither Marxist nor fascist in its origins, but which gives promise of attacking the roots of our economic problem as the New Deal has never done.

The *New Republic* is optimistic:

> The progressive enthusiasm that Mr. Roosevelt has canalized is by way of leveling out. Here is a possible new channel for it, unblocked by defeat or failure. . . . Governor La Follette has made it necessary for the Democrats to keep going in order to remain in power. The time to apply such a spur was certainly at hand.

The *Nation* is highly critical:

> One thing is clear from La Follette's statements. This movement is a revolt against the left wing of the New Deal as well as against the President. Where they in their political evolution discovered labor and its needs, Governor La Follette has discovered the middle class and its psychology. Where they are conscious of the problem of better distribution and of social security, La Follette is conscious of the problem of increased production and a reinvigorated capitalism. Where they think in terms of the social-service state and an increasing measure of socializa-

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tion, he thinks in frontier-populist terms of individualism. Where their thinking has run increasingly in terms of class needs and an economic base of political power, his runs in terms of a new nationalism. . . . Unless the coming convention of the new party can work out a program on which all progressive groups can unite—a program that stands a chance of coping with the twin plagues of economic collapse and fascism—the La Follette movement will have succeeded only in further disillusioning of the masses and leaving them a prey to the reaction that will follow.

Daladier France

P. HENRI SIMON writes in *Temps Présent* of the situation facing the present French régime:

> Despite the prolongation of school age, the forty-hour week, the two years' military service and full-time work in the industries of national defense, the figure for unemployment is within a few thousand of what it was in May, 1936. Wages and salaries have been raised in proportions which were often generous but always unequal to the rising cost of living. The franc lost one half of its meager value. In brief, the purchasing power of the working class was not rising, and that of the middle classes had considerably diminished, so that the standard of living of the nation had fallen.

According to M. Jean Dessirier in *Paris-midi:*

> Our index of national purchasing power has fallen to a figure below that of the big depression, despite the large distribution of fictitious revenues through inflation.

The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* claims the Daladier government attempts to conciliate the less conservative elements by a strange *démarche:*

> In the meantime the government is apparently trying to please the Communists by expelling from France some White Russian leaders—possibly with the idea of expelling some foreign left-wing extremists later. . . . Although some of these men are suspected of Fascist and Nazi sympathies it is interesting that they are all poor; General Shatiloff was until recently a taxi-driver and now runs a small shop, and General Kusonsky has been drawing unemployment relief for several months past. Whatever their political views, the method of expelling these people is little short of monstrous.

Another unhappy element is reported by the Paris correspondent of the London *Tablet:*

> Militants sell anti-Jewish papers in the streets of the Latin quarter, while demonstrations were arranged against Jacques Maritain's lecture on Jews and Catholics at the Ambassadeurs Theatre. That very tolerant and objective work, *Les Juifs*, by Maritain, Claudel, Daniel Rops and other Catholics, has been bitterly attacked in the right-wing press. Lucien Rebatet, in *Je Suis Partout*—a weekly with considerable influence in political and intellectual circles—has described its authors as "Catholic-Traitors," "furieux de la charité," who spread contagion through their newspapers, their study-circles, their seminaries. A special number of the same weekly, which is devoted to the Jewish question, demands that Jews should be deprived of their rights as citizens, and expelled from the teaching profession, the army, and all public services.

M. Daladier's basic solution for the difficulties of France, however, is reported in the *Manchester Guardian:*

> Its central idea is the increase in French production, which in nearly all fields is lower than in other countries. Work alone can restore the necessary trade and budget balance. The plan must cast aside anything liable to interfere with this increase in production. It is based on the maintenance of monetary freedom, of the tripartite agreement, and of the defense of the franc, which is essential if capital is to return and hoarding is to cease.

The Stage and Screen

Washington Jitters

WHERE totalitarian peoples must turn to force to correct the abuses of their governments, democracies can turn to satire. It is a cheaper and decidedly more amusing remedy, and though its effect is not so immediate it is none the less effective. The ability to laugh at ourselves is a democratic heritage, and when we lose that ability we will be on the road to lose our freedom. When political institutions or ideas become so sacrosanct that we are not permitted to touch them with the wand of humor, the time has come when free men must change them by force. That this time has not yet arrived with us is amply proved by the current stage, by such things of the left as "The Cradle Will Rock" and of the right, or center-right, as "I'd Rather Be Right" and "Washington Jitters."

"Washington Jitters" is acted by the Actors Repertory Company and presented by the Theatre Guild. It is a farce-comedy in two acts by John Boruff and Walter Hart based on a novel by Dalton Trumbo, staged by Walter Hart and Worthington Miner, with settings designed by Lawrence L. Goldwasser. It is a sort of "I'd Rather Be Right" minus music and lyrics, and tells the story of a little Washington sign-painter, who through a misunderstanding becomes coordinator of one of the government's new alphabetical organizations, and because no one in the government dares to confess his mistake rises to a reform hero and a candidate for the presidency. The play is not a masterpiece, but its story and humor are certainly as effective as that of "I'd Rather Be Right." Of course it lacks that work's music, lyrics and George M. Cohan; but despite some places where the actors have to make mere sound and physical agility do for humor, it has many laughs, and for those who are not fanatical New Dealers it provides a merry evening. It is moreover well staged and acted, with special honors going to Fred Stewart for his portrayal of the sign-painter, and to Forrest Orr as a harassed politician. In short, it is an enjoyable, if not hilarious, satire on governmental bureaucracy and inefficiency. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Man from Cairo

"THE MAN FROM CAIRO" is an example of what may happen to a French comedy when it falls into the wrong hands. As originally acted at the French Theatre in New York and last summer in an English version by Agnes Morgan and Blythe Parsons at the Casino Theatre in Newport, Rhode Island, it was a play of much charm and delicacy of wit. Moreover, it was beautifully acted. But for some reason its present sponsors gave it into other hands to adapt, and put its locale not in Paris but in Budapest. Dan Goldberg is the man who made the change and a very sorry mess indeed he has made of it, while its casting is, in the case of its chief protagonist, lamentable. Joseph Buloff is a good actor of the Yiddish theatre, with a strong accent and some technical ability, but as a European *flaneur* he is distressing. The part requires charm, delicacy and poetry,

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and Mr. Buloff is the last person in the world to give it any of these qualities. He is heavy, obvious and utterly material, and the charm of Miss Helen Chandler as the girl only makes this the more evident. Moreover, the plot changes made by Mr. Goldberg are all for the worse, and his dialogue is wooden and pedestrian. It is indeed a pity that Yvan-Noe's charming play should have been so completely massacred, with the original and poetic ending destroyed to make what the adapter apparently thinks is a happy ending. I doubt very much whether any audience will consider it so. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Four Men and a Prayer

AN INTERNATIONAL munitions ring makes news. It also makes melodrama. Twentieth Century-Fox has taken advantage of the hoary fact and released a nomadic narrative that gives four young Britons (George Sanders, David Niven, Richard Greene, William Henry) and an American heiress (Loretta Young) a chance to do some globe-trotting. The father of the four, Colonel Leigh of the Lancers, had been conspired against in India and dishonorably discharged from His Majesty's Service. Then he is found murdered, and his sons swear by all that is holy and British to unearth the author of the foul deed. So they scatter about the globe, with Loretta Young keeping her eye on the best-looking. Of course the poor girl never dreams that the murder and the munitions ring are tied up with Atlas Arms, or that her own father is president. When she does she leaves bed and board, proving that the course of true love seldom runs smooth. Or that all's fair in love and war. Or something.

Director John Ford guides his four men well in this drama of modern war technique. The puzzle is: Who or what is the prayer?

Moonlight Sonata

THE FAMOUS fingers of Ignace Jan Paderewski, Polish patriot and pianist extraordinary, have brought him new honors. Under the direction of Lothar Mendes he now makes his debut as a cinema star, bringing along Chopin, Liszt and Beethoven for good measure.

"Moonlight Sonata" is a genteel little story with a baronial castle in Sweden's hinterland for a setting. Before any dramatic action takes place the audience is given a chance to observe Mr. Paderewski in concert form playing Chopin's Polonaise in A flat major and the second Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. Then to start things moving, a little girl drops her ball. She retrieves it, only to wander onto the stage where the silver-haired maestro is taking a bow. The rest of the picture is given over to reliving events in the romance of her young parents (Barbara Greene and Charles Farrell)—a romance wherein air-minded Mr. Paderewski took no small part. In fact, to help things out he made a forced landing in a Swedish forest, played his Minuet in G at a children's home, and later served Beethoven at just the right moment for a lovers' reconciliation. Paderewski and his music are the chief attraction in this release from the Denham Studios in Bucks, England.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT.

Books of the Day

Career of Controversy

J. B. Murphy, Stormy Petrel of Surgery, by Loyal Davis. New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

THE LONG-DELAYED biography of Dr. John Benjamin Murphy has finally been put before the public through the industry of Loyal Davis. That it will bring satisfaction to the detractors of the great surgeon may be an open question. That it measures up to the expectation of Dr. Murphy's hero worshipers is even less certain. Although the volume purports to have been written objectively and without passion or prejudice, this reviewer, at least, thinks the scales have not been wholly balanced. In more than one instance the writer seems to have fallen between two stools. Not all the detractors are dead, and libel, more immune to death, still stalks abroad. Plainly, Dr. Murphy spent most of his professional life amidst misconceptions and misrepresentations. Professional jealousy had two valiant coadjutors, the name and the religion. One or other of these would have been a serious handicap in Murphy's day; both were quite too much for pleasant acceptance. Dr. Murphy was proud of his racial inheritance, and gloried in his religion.

Scattered through the volume there is either insinuation or innuendo that Dr. Murphy lacked moral balance, or in professional terms, that he was found wanting in proper appreciation of the accepted code of medical ethics. This is simply answered in what a distinguished English surgeon, Sir Rickman Godlee, said of Dr. Murphy: "He approved the things that are more excellent, not only in general ethics, but in that particularly difficult brand which deals with the ethics of our own profession." To say that "he matched his shrewdness and his wit" to the undoing of the "old guard" is to entirely misread one whose science was his shield and whose singular innocence was his armor. This is not to say that he lacked wisdom. Sir Berkeley Monyihan said that Murphy had many things in common with Abraham Lincoln, besides his wisdom: voice, manner, clarity and even physique.

The author overlooks the fact that Dr. Murphy was "news," and still continues to be "news." He did not invite the spotlight; he simply could not avoid it. A man strikingly handsome, as a foreign surgeon said, "the handsomest man of his time," one who was dramatic without being theatrical; sought for from all quarters of the earth; daring, yet always careful; an explorer into unknown fields; how could such a man escape the strong light that his genius almost exacted? But in it all Dr. Murphy was humble, with a startling innocence that was childlike. He was spotless in attire, but it was a current joke that Mrs. Murphy took complete control of his wardrobe, stopping only at having herself measured for the doctor's clothes. It is undeniable that Murphy did win love, admiration, and an unstinted measure of hero-worship. These were not the crude inventions of adoring friends, nor did they come from a sinister genius for self-advertising.

Here are a few brief but seasoned judgments. "Murphy beyond question was the greatest clinical teacher of his day," said Sir Berkeley Moynihan. And again: "Among men, few in numbers, supreme in achievement, John Benjamin Murphy is worthy to take his place."

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Dr. George W. Crile wrote: "The first surgeon of our time, a creative genius of the highest ideals." Dr. Frederick Besley goes even beyond his own time and generation when he wrote at the death of Dr. Murphy: "The world has lost the greatest surgical teacher it ever had." And finally if there remain any doubt on the score of greatness it may well be settled by the compact words of Dr. Charles Mayo: "Dr. Murphy was the greatest man in medicine in his time." So the legend of conjuror or charlatan ought to be set to rest for all time. Add to this that there stands in the city that witnessed his triumphs, a magnificent monument erected by the American College of Surgeons, "The Murphy Memorial." Not masterfulness, but mastery was the key of his success. Science alone cannot make a great physician. No one knew that better than Dr. Murphy.

This brings us to the much-discussed question of money, a mooted one in Dr. Davis's work. Murphy knew the value of money; he had lacked it, and possessed it. He was quite frank about wealth, its use, and its responsibility. He never estimated it beyond a means of comfort, a means for the education and protection of his family; and the carrying out of his scientific investigations. In reality Dr. Murphy was an ascetic, with few personal wants, and these untainted by luxury. But it is said: "Dr. Murphy became a wealthy man." These are weasel words that imply he worked for fees, frequent and heavy. It is conveniently overlooked that a major portion of his work, certainly one-half, was without financial return. The countless sisters, brothers, priests and bishops that crowded his time were but a fraction of his beneficent ministrations. The records of the various hospitals which he served show a plentitude of charity, but what they do not show is that many of the recipients were on the bounty of his own purse. A hint about his generosity, or indeed about any of his good deeds, was an offense to him. No man who before his major operations stepped into the chapel to commune with the Supreme Physician could have escaped resemblance to that Great Healer of souls and bodies. And so one does not wonder that he had a deep sense of forgiveness, and that vindictiveness laid no hold upon him. As the author admits, Dr. Murphy came through the storms that beat about him in serenity of soul and modesty of heart.

It may be pleaded for Dr. Davis that he had never known Dr. Murphy. Even after a quarter of a century the backwash of a *chronique scandaleuse* has not entirely subsided. The artist who has never known his subject in the flesh has great difficulty in depicting him on canvas. Photos, snapshots, even sketches are poor substitutes for the living, breathing man. One can hardly escape the conviction that the author has not wholly understood his subject. The pen too often seems to waver. All of which, however, does not apply to the early chapters: these are vivid and vital. The poverty, bravery, self-respect, the striving against crushing odds, show the protagonists so worthy that out of their loins should have come greatness and grandeur.

One might well stop here, but there is one footnote that demands attention, because it arose out of a very dramatic incident. Fate threw Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Murphy together. There has been, and there still is a persistent attempt to show that Dr. Murphy had lent a helping hand to fate. In October, 1922, Roosevelt was shot by a maniac in Milwaukee. Dr. Murphy was called in. Harsh words, even to "kidnaping," have been used over

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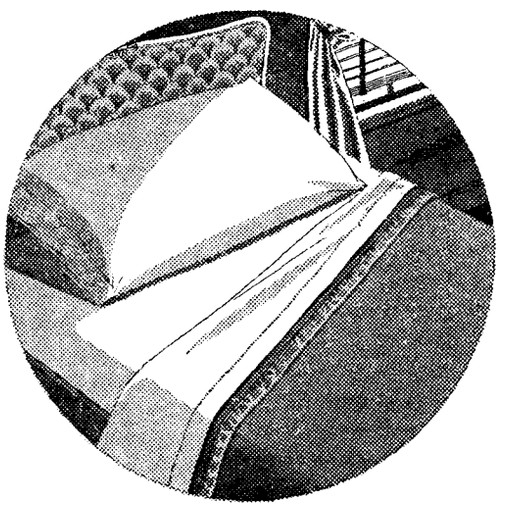

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the incident. The whole matter might be solved by a simple fact: since the Haymarket Riot, Dr. Murphy had attained national fame as an authority on gun-shot wounds. What more natural than to turn to this physician who was only eighty-five miles away? There was neither mystery nor mystification in the selection.

THOMAS VINCENT SHANNON.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Pius XI, Apostle of Peace, by Lilian Browne-Olf. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"PIUS XI, APOSTLE OF PEACE," represents three years of study at Rome of the causes and cures for war. Mrs. Browne-Olf is a Chicagoan, and the book is dedicated to Cardinal Mundelein. It is written for popular consumption, and is not biographical in nature.

Under the guidance of the last four Popes, the Church has recovered its initiative, and has developed a vigorous and intelligent policy in the face of the two most serious modern social problems—that of industrial class strife and that of war. The Church's differs radically from other current solutions, as is apparent from the scant heed given papal overtures in the interests of peace. The papal policy is best described in the words chosen by Pius XI for a motto upon his accession, namely: "Pax Christi in Regno Christi." It is the concern of Mrs. Browne-Olf to show how the present Pope has lived up to this motto, both in the years of his development and in the years of fulfilment. Because of the failure of the League of Nations, it appears that the Papacy is the one institution catholic enough to become the just arbiter of the needs and rights of both nations and classes. This, in brief, is the thesis of her work.

Several limitations are apparent. The author's purely objective and indiscriminate presentation of the sequence of events prevents any deep understanding of the realities underlying the problems. The excess of eulogistic adjectives and the absence of any discriminating evaluation of the Pope's efforts in the light of tangible results overshadow the value of the deeper purpose in the author's mind. The sequence of events is also loosely knit. The redeeming features of the book are its genuine reverence and sympathy toward its subject. Especially in the early life of the Pope does the author's understanding of him prove valuable to the reader. JOSEPH MC DONALD.

The German Octopus, by Henry C. Wolfe. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN SPITE of its lurid jacket and title, Mr. Wolfe's book is a not intemperate survey of the situation in Central and Eastern Europe in the late winter of 1937-1938. There is a lot of short-range predicting that may be proved wrong. Mr. Wolfe has that fondness for elegant variation which writers on international relations share with sports writers: the Russian bear growls at the German juggernaut and Bucharest flirts with the Nazi octopus and so on. But on the whole the book is a good piece of journalism, lively and clear.

Mr. Wolfe has traveled widely and observed closely in the countries he discusses, and he has a good knowledge of their post-war backgrounds. He does not like Nazi Germany. His major thesis is that Germany has revived the old push toward the southeast, that her present rulers plan to make direct annexations in the Danube valley, perhaps even including Rumania. If necessary, they will fight Russia, but he thinks they prefer to move toward Bagdad rather than toward Moscow. He expects them to wage a purely defensive war in the west, at least at first. But he is reasonably tentative in his guesses, sure only that Germany will, within a short time, take aggressive steps in central and eastern Europe. Though he does not write crude propaganda, his whole tone implies that this wicked Germany must be beaten. He is at his best in analyzing the plight of countries like Poland and Rumania, troubled with internal unrest, and externally unable to depend on anyone.

What must strike anyone over forty is the way this book resembles the books which poured from the presses in the dozen years before 1914. Put the Kaiser for Hitler, the "predatory Potsdam gang" for the Nazis, and make a few other necessary changes, and the book might be dated 1908. There are all sorts of lessons to be drawn from a juxtaposition like this, lessons the reader may draw for himself. There is also an interesting problem: how far do books like this aggravate the situation? Are they causes, or merely symptoms? Whatever your answer you must admit they are alarming. CRANE BRINTON.

The Negro's Struggle for Survival, by S. J. Holmes. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. $3.00.

APPARENTLY the colored people have come to stay. The hope that the tenth man might somehow be eased out of existence in the United States has acted as a soft-pedal to serious discussion of race relations. Deportation to Africa was mentioned probably for the last time in the recent congressional filibuster; but some students, like Professor Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins, seemed to think that evolution might do the job. Strong bulwark for the disappearance notion was the inability of dark-skinned natives in tropic isles to maintain themselves against the cultural incursions of the white man. At the same time Negro rates of increase in this country had been falling before the last census-period until they reached the low rate of 6.5 per thousand.

But Melanesians and Polynesians have begun again to multiply and American Negro increase rates have turned sharply upward.

Professor Holmes analyzes statistically numerous factors of uncertainty in the matter of Negro population growth. He shows in detail that it cannot be treated merely as a matter of the Negro's physical organism. The Negro's "ecology," the material and moral environment and their reaction on his own mental attitude, is as potent as any purely "racial" factors to determine the growth or disappearance of the group. This treatise is a source-book on important elements in the Negro population question. It is enriched by tables and a comprehensive bibliography. What the author demonstrates negatively as well as positively, is that there is ample ground for saying that since white man and black man are destined to exist together in the United States, they had best learn how to do so amicably. JOHN LA FARGE.

Uriel for President, by Franz Bergman and M. Peake. Boston: Hale, Cushman and Flint. $1.50.

SOPHISTICATED picture books in the current manner seem almost certain of being amusing. This one could be expected to be more amusing than it is. It is rather a prosey story, in text and drawing, in spite of a good loose drawing technique and in spite of the fact that Uriel "was the most backward archangel." In the drawings he looks more like a mountaineer who becomes president, and he hardly acts like a pure intelligence. Some

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of the pages are undoubtedly humorous with their fantastic satire and are drawn with zest and fancy. Whether some of them are not blasphemous is more questionable. They are not green pastures that Uriel wanders through to the White House, and it is no Bible story. P. B.

MEMOIRS

Railroad Man, by Chauncey Del French. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"RAILROAD MAN" is very much the other side of empire building. It's the operating end exclusively, telling how things were actually done: tracks laid, trains run, timber felled, cattle and produce loaded, and the country really spanned. Mr. French doesn't hide, sentimentalize or vilify the activities of the more formally classified empire builders and robber barons; he isn't interested in the financial dealings that have rather one-sidedly occupied recent historians. Once or twice he notes that this financier helped his rolling stock and road bed, and that one let them go to pieces. He notices in passing the changed status of labor, and he went through at least one strike and was a charter member of the Brotherhoods, but status is not his dominant interest.

A man who has had a fixed interest from his thirteenth year to seventy, and that an almost exclusive one—Henry Clay French was evidently concerned only with railroading, and only with the part of it that deals with moving trains outdoors—is not likely to forget the major experiences he had along his line. A reader will swear that Mr. French has told absolute facts to his son who wrote out this book. They are thoroughly interesting facts, told with the objectivity and slight testiness of an old man who has seen a lot and knows the meaning. Like Bill Klem, the umpire, Mr. French doesn't call them like he sees them; he calls them like they are. The history of the Western railroads—wonderful sounding railroads: the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Northern Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Oregon Railroad & Navigation, and nearly all the others—is dramatic and, if we have forgotten it, colorful.

Mr. French worked in the most colorful phase, when they were new or building, and in any operating job from call boy to conductor. His career was limited by several ineradicable facts. He hated office jobs. Then, although not superstitious like most railroad men, he knew it was suicidal not to obey a hunch when the hunch was to quit. Like most railroad men, he drank whisky. All in all, things worked out so that he filed back and forth on train crews and in the yards for many employers.

Dodge City and Hunnewell were new terminals for long-horn shipments when French first knew them, and the cowboys, mostly ex-Confederate soldiers, were "dynamite in buckskin." Their extreme temperaments made even the timber men and cowboys of the frontier Northwest seem by comparison somewhat placid. There was an amazing quantity of violence in this railroad man's career. The trains themselves were violent machines, and terribly dangerous. The first appeal to young people in the old days was exactly the danger which challenged them to develop cat-like physical responses and sure mental quickness if they were to survive.

Henry French developed these qualities while the railroads were being transformed for safety. He had, to be sure, unusual powers of survival. He jumped from trains, was caught in wrecks, held up a caboose stove on his lungs, rode runaways, avoided the bullets of frontiersmen, came

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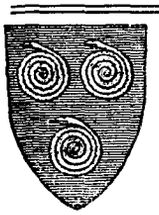

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out on top in feuds with bosses, pulled himself together after a family break-up and tragedies in a new family, survived the heartiest of practical jokes, and overcame a debilitating tendency toward Old Crow. There is not much dialogue or deliberate character sketching in "Railroad Man," but without doubt one of its charms is the picture of the individual empire builder, and the hint of how he could talk about other things too if he weren't so busy telling about his job. With the extreme craftsman's concentration, to Henry French the job was the thing.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Soviet Paradise Lost, by Ivan Solonevich; translated by Warren Harrow. New York: The Paisley Press. $2.50.

COMMUNISTS the world over are eager to tell you how brutal and reactionary the German concentration camps are. "Is this treatment of political opponents Hitler's invention?" you ask them. "Certainly," they answer—sometimes even in good faith.

Communists do not hesitate to praise the Soviet government for all technical innovations, brought to Russia mostly by expert engineers from Germany, the United States and other capitalistic countries. But they hide the notorious fact that sequestering undesirable elements in concentration camps is a Russian invention. Lenin's and Stalin's secret police—the notorious G.P.U.—incarcerated people with criminal or "bourgeois" mentality in camps, and developed these camps into human reservoirs for unremunerated conscript labor. But while Nazis honestly admit that they don't believe in democracy and think brutal treatment proper for breaking political resistance, the oppressors of Russia pretend that they are democrats and cover their inhuman exploitation of camp inmates and their brutalization of the defenseless with bombastic cant on the dignity of man, progress, humanity and *proletcult* (proletarian culture).

I doubt whether all the parlor-Bolshevik literati who give prominence in "liberal" dailies and magazines to the horror stories of refugees from Nazi camps will be fair enough to give the same consideration to Ivan Solonevich's book on his experiences in Soviet camps. His story is not marred by sensationalism or claptrap, but is a thorough analysis of the camp system by an intelligent observer who by his work in the camps' statistical departments had many opportunities to become intimately familiar with the system. I do not say Solonevich has written an impartial book; only a saint might be able to do so after years of personal torments and degradations.

Solonevich, sport champion and organizer, was sent to a camp for attempting flight from the Soviet Paradise, which he evidently already disliked while at liberty. The slave years of coercive labor have of course deepened his aversion to this government of "brotherly comradeship," which sets forth to lead the world toward freedom, yet in reality sets the clock back to the age of the Pharaohs. Readers of Solonevich's report will come to realize that the Baltic-White Sea Canal—a series of dikes, dams, ditches and flood-gates through 147 miles of Karelian swamps—as well as other public projects, of which Soviet Russia constantly boasts, were, like the Egyptian Pyramids, built with the tears and with the blood of starving and ill-treated slaves. But the author, with admirable self-control, subdues his resentment and his hate; there is a reasonable attempt at psychological and sociological comprehension in this vivid, matter-of-fact book.

C. O. CLEVELAND.

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The Inner Forum

BEGINNING on May 24, Budapest will for a week be host to the delegates and faithful attending the 1938 Eucharistic Congress. The occasion represents a double celebration for Hungarians: the welcoming to their country of an international meeting for praising and honoring the Eucharistic Christ and the inaugurating of a year of jubilee, since 1938 is the ninth centenary of the death of Saint Stephen, the first King of Hungary.

The program of the Congress very largely follows the usual pattern of such events. The evening of May 25 will see the official opening of the Congress by His Eminence Justine Cardinal Seredi, Prince-Primate of Hungary; on the next morning, the feast of the Ascension, there will be a corporate Communion of children in Heroes Square, to be followed on May 27 by a corporate Communion of national army and war heroes; on May 28 will take place the public Oriental Mass; on the following day, the solemn pontifical Mass of the Papal Legate and the official closing of the Congress. The last two days, May 30 and 31, will be devoted to Saint Stephen. His jubilee will continue until August 20.

It is not often that the centenary of a national saint can coincide with the holding of a Eucharistic Congress, and particularly the centenary of such a saint as Stephen. He was born a pagan in 975; he died on August 15, 1038, after a life devoted to making his one pound grew into ten (as the Gospel of his Mass infers). Stephen was a ruler whose life makes us realize perhaps more acutely than is normal in our republican and liberal environment, the fact that the government of a just and wise personal sovereign can, in certain societies, create conditions of social democracy. Stephen was related by marriage to Saint Henry of Germany, a ruler whose ideas of society are startling for their justice and good sense. The house of Arpád, to which Stephen belonged, boasts an amazing array of saints; certainly no other single family can equal it: eight canonized and six beatified are listed in a recent issue of the London *Tablet,* and all of these within the space of 300 years, from about 1000 to 1300. The noble and kingly house of Arpád, the early Hohenstaufens and rulers of Burgundy are likely, in our modern minds, to be forgotten because of the dark shadow cast by their own descendants and by the houses of Bourbon, Hohenzollern, and Hapsburg.

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher HOLLIS is the author of "The Breakdown of Money," "Thomas More" and other books.

Paul KINIERY is dean of the Graduate School, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth M. LYNSKEY is chairman of the Social Relations Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace and assistant professor of political science at Hunter College, New York City.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, former port chaplain of Hamburg, Germany, and one of the founders of the Apostolate of the Sea, is now resident at Portsmouth Priory, R. I.

Edward C. McAULIFFE is a new contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas Vincent SHANNON is pastor of the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph McDONALD, a contributor to current magazines, is employed on the Independent Subway of New York.

Crane BRINTON is professor of history at Harvard University and the author of "A Decade of Revolution."

Rev. John LAFARGE, S.J., is associate editor of *America.*

C. O. CLEVELAND is the pen-name of a well-known German Catholic.

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